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OUT OF THE PAST

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OUT OF THE PAST

WALTER BAGEHOT: HIS LIFE AND WORKS

THE nineteenth century is passing away amidst a return current which bids fair to engulf not a few of the best gifts it won for humanity. That being so, I think we might do worse than look back to the lives of some of those who illustrated it while it was still strong and hopeful.

When you did me the honour to ask me to deliver this address, I thought of several such men—of Bastiat, of Cobden, and of Sir Louis Mallet. Finally, however, I settled upon Walter Bagehot, who died too early to allow him to become known to the majority of his countrymen; but who was loved and reverenced by many of the best minds in his generation. The best memorials of a man of letters are almost always his own books; and lengthy biographies of those, whose lives have been eventful only in the works they have produced, are not to be commended. It is, however, extremely useful that writers, in full possession of

the necessary information and in sympathy with the persons to be described, should range in order the main facts of their lives and give them to the world. Such biographies, if well done, are of infinite service to those who propose to read the books themselves, and in this case the necessary work has been quite admirably done by the late Richard Holt Hutton, one of the ablest essayists, as well as one of the best men, who has lived in our times, and who knew him of whom he wrote from his youth upwards.

Walter Bagehot was born on the 3rd of February 1826 at Langport, a little town in Somersetshire, and was the son of Mr. Thomas Watson Bagehot, for thirty years Managing Director and Vice-Chairman of Stuckey's Banking Company, then and now an institution of first-rate importance in Western England. His father being an Unitarian, he was not sent to Oxford, but to University College, London, where he and Hutton met when neither of them was over seventeen. They soon became intimate, and discussed with all the vehemence of gifted youth "the immensities and eternities" no less than the "problems that perplexed the land," problems which, as it was the hour of the beneficent movement inaugurated by Villiers and Cobden, turned the minds of both the fellow-students towards Political Economy.

Bagehot had naturally very high spirits and great capacity for enjoyment, as is easily seen by any one who

reads his works carefully. Bad health, however, very much tamed his spirits in later life, and those who only knew him when he had come to full maturity would not, without Mr. Hutton's testimony, have believed him to have been in his youth passionately fond of hunting. He distinguished himself very much at the University of London, taking the Mathematical Scholarship with his B.A. degree in 1846, and the gold medal for Intellectual and Moral Philosophy with his M.A. in 1848. For seven or eight years the Catholic Church had a great fascination for him; but it is improbable that he ever was at all near conversion. He was intimately acquainted with Newman's writings, and was especially attached to his University Sermons and to the poems in the *Lyra Apostolica*, hardly sufficiently known to the present day, though far more valuable than a great many of their author's more elaborate performances. His biographer cites in illustration of his Catholic velleities a rough but vigorous poem and an admirable bit of prose, dismissing the subject with the words:—

"It is obvious, I think, both from the poem, and from these reflections, that what attracted Bagehot in the Church of Rome was the historical prestige and social authority which she had accumulated in believing and uncritical ages for use in the unbelieving and critical age in which we live—while what he condemned and dreaded in her was her tendency to use her power over the multitude for purposes of a low ambition."

While Bagehot was reading law and hesitating between the Bar and the Bank, he made the acquaintance of a man who had a greater fascination for him than had any of his contemporaries. This was Arthur Hugh Clough, at that time Principal of University Hall, a most remarkable person, who died before he had done for the world all that his friends expected. I remember Dean Stanley telling me, when his acquaintance was already pretty large, that no one had ever impressed him so much as a man as Clough had impressed him as a boy; and a hardly less striking testimony to his powers was given me by Stanley's successor in the Deanery of Westminster, who told me that, when he went to Rugby, a boy who looked after him on his first day there, said: "What a fool you were not to come here three days ago; then you might have said that you had been at school with Clough!" The speaker was destined to a very different fame from that of Dean Stanley, for he was Hodson, of Hodson's Horse!

My own acquaintance with Clough was very slight, but it belonged to the same period of his life as that in which he came to know Bagehot, and I can quite understand the influence he exercised. Bagehot and he had been born, I think, with somewhat of the same temperament; but the Arnoldine influence had been exerted on Clough too early, and over-stimulation had led to the reaction which gave point to the saying about him, that "he thought nothing

new and nothing true, and that it did not signify." The best explanation of his way of looking at things, during the years when his admirable poetry was produced, is that given by his Oxford friend, Principal Shairp, of St. Andrews:—

"Lochaber, Moidart, Morar, stern delight
From these he drank, his soul new power received.
Stood, rapt, where the Atlantic's swinging might
O'er Ardnamurchan heaved.

"Ah! had he walked aloof in that cool air
Braced all his boyhood's time, till heart and brain
Were fully tempered, and annealed to bear
Life at its tensest strain.

"Too soon, too soon, the place of early trust
Constrained to leave, down thought's strong current whirled,
And face to face alone too rudely thrust
With problem of the world.

"And voices then, the loudest England knew,
In his distracted ear were thundering: some,
'Push boldly forward'; some, 'Lo, there the haven true,
Here rest or be undone.'"

Clough poured not a little water into the wine of his younger friend, impressing on him a dread of what he called "the ruinous force of the will," which Mr. Hutton thinks might almost be taken as the motto of Bagehot's *Physics and Politics*, a book belonging to a much later period of his life. To the period of which we are now speaking belonged his *Letters on the Coup d'État*, written

from Paris in defence of the President—curious, interesting, clever, but of no great value. It was, Mr. Hutton thinks, about the time of Bagehot's stay in Paris that he determined not to practise at the Bar, but to join his father in his banking and shipping business. This was a most wise decision, for he would not have done the work of a barrister better than many of his rivals, whereas, in the other walk of life, he was brought into contact with facts and ideas which made him ultimately the best English financial writer of his time. He soon learned the profound truth that "business is much more amusing than pleasure," but he never, while in Somersetshire, let go his hold upon London or on the world of politics and literature.

In 1858 he married the eldest daughter of the Right Honble. James Wilson, one of the most noteworthy politicians then living in England, who had risen to importance through the Free Trade controversy, and who in his power of lucidly explaining difficult financial questions, if he yielded to anybody, yielded to Mr. Gladstone alone. He died prematurely in India, whither he had been sent to put the finances in order after the frightful strain of the Mutiny expenditure. It was through him that Bagehot became editor of the *Economist*, of which Mr. Wilson was the founder, and attained an immense influence in the political world as well as in the City. He never secured a seat in Parliament, although he tried

more than once to do so. Nor would he have succeeded in the House of Commons; the wear and tear would have been too great for his sensitive organisation. He was, too, as he himself expressed it, "between sizes in politics," and unacceptable accordingly alike to the ordinary Conservative and the ordinary Liberal. He was in his proper place as a deeply interested spectator and critic of public affairs. His moderating influence was never better shown than it was during his last two years, when he had to comment on the foreign policy of Mr. Disraeli's Government, and to discount the nonsense with which screaming agitators plied the country, after the events of which a newspaper correspondent, some years later, said to an English statesman: "Mr such-and-such, you will not know my name, but you will know who I am when I tell you that I am the newspaper correspondent who invented the Bulgarian atrocities."

Mr. Hutton's last two or three pages which deal with Bagehot's conversation are exceedingly bright and amusing; but I must not linger over them, any more than over the sad fact that an attack of heart disease carried him off on the 24th March 1877, at the age of 51. Most politicians and critics of politics are easily replaced. It is almost always, "Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!" Bagehot is one of the few English politicians who have died prematurely since 1868 without being replaced. The last Lord

Strangford was another, and Odo Russell was a third; but for the moment I do not recollect a fourth.

It is now, however, full time to turn to, and very rapidly survey, the books which Bagehot left behind.

One of the most remarkable of them, now published under the name of *Biographical Studies*, is that in which he deals with the characters of a number of English statesmen. To say that the papers of which it is composed are well written and tell their story brightly is to say little; but what is indeed remarkable is that so young a man should have formed such shrewd judgments as those with which they are filled. If he had entered Parliament before thirty, and had passed a good many years there, such judgments would not have surprised us. Given to the world as the conclusions of his maturity, after he had not only watched at their work the men whom he describes but had come to know them personally, they would have seemed quite natural; but what could have been better, even as the verdict of "an old Parliamentary hand," for instance, than his words about Sir Robert Peel. written in 1856, when he was only thirty:

"No man has come so near our definition of a Constitutional Statesman—the powers of a first-rate man and the creed of a second-rate man."

Or again:—

"A Constitutional administrator has to be always consulting others, finding out what this man or that man chooses to think;

learning which form of error is believed by Lord B., which by Lord C., adding up the errors of the Alphabet and seeing what portion of what he thinks he ought to do, they will all of them together allow him to do."

Or again :—

"The most benumbing thing to the intellect is routine, the most bewildering is distraction ; our system is a distracting routine."

A young man looking at the House of Commons from the outside rarely thinks of that. I am sure I never did ; but I have known even Mr. Gladstone, at the height of his power, when the House had met on a Thursday in February, say when we rose on Friday night : "Thank God ! there is one week of the Session over" ; and a colleague sitting by me on the Treasury Bench once remarked to me : "It is wishing one's life shorter by six months ; but does not one wish, on this the first night of the Session, that it were the last."

Bagehot's account of Lord Brougham, published in 1857, is remarkably good, and gives the true impression of the man as well as, I think, it has been ever given. Nothing is more curious than the way in which this generation of Englishmen has forgotten one who was so enormously powerful in the days of their grandfathers. I wonder whether what has happened to him will also happen to another, who, in many respects, resembled him—the great orator and financier whom we lost last

year. Of him, too, Bagehot wrote much and wisely. It is easy for us, who have seen how all ended, to form a judgment of that notable personage; but Bagehot in 1860, at a moment when he was at his very best, wrote as follows:—

"If Mr. Gladstone will accept the conditions of his age; if he will guide himself by the mature, settled, and cultured reflection of his time, and not by its loud and noisy organs; if he will look for that which is thought, rather than for that which is said—he may leave a great name, be useful to his country, may steady and balance his own mind. But, if not, not. The coherent efficiency of his career will depend on the guide which he takes, the index which he obeys, the δαίμων which he consults."

Hardly less wise was an observation he once made to me: "What is most remarkable in Mr. Gladstone is his quantity." So it was. I remember thinking that his first Mid-Lothian campaign was not like a torrent coming down, but like the sea coming up. It was after the 1880 campaign, which was only second to the other, that I said to him: "You must have gone through a tremendous strain." "Oh! no," he replied; "it was chiefly driving about in open carriages, and that is very healthy!"

The paper in the *Biographical Studies* on "Adam Smith as a Person" should be read along with that on "Adam Smith and our Modern Economy" in *Economic Studies*, a book of which I will speak presently. Mr Bagehot explains with singular felicity the circumstances which

made a recluse Scotch Professor the author of a revolution in the very things which most come home to ordinary men, and dwells on the strange irony of fate, which, while denying the kind of fame which he desired, gave him in the amplest measure a fame which he never sought :

"Lord Bacon," Bagehot remarks, "says of some one that he was like Saul, who went in search of his father's asses and found a kingdom; and this is exactly what happened to Adam Smith. He was engaged in a scheme of vast research, far surpassing the means at his disposal, and too good for any single man. In the course of that great pursuit, and as a small part of it, he came upon the 'Wealth of Nations,' for dealing with which his powers and his opportunities peculiarly fitted him, and on that he wrote a book, which has itself deeply influenced thought and policy, and which has been the beginning of a new science. He has obtained great fame, though it was not that fame which was the dream of his life, for

> 'What was before us we know not,
> And we know not what shall succeed.'"

That the later Essays on public men with whom Bagehot had been brought into contact in various ways should be admirable was only in the nature of things. He never was better than in describing Sir George Cornewall Lewis, whom he knew and liked; as who indeed that knew him did not? *Biographical Studies* contain two papers about him, one written shortly after his death in 1863, and the other the year after, when his statue was uncovered at Hereford. Few things are more creditable to the House

of Commons, as it was in the days of the Crimean War, and the decade which followed it, than the extraordinary rapidity with which he rose in that Assembly, although possessing hardly any of the qualities which are usually supposed to lead to success in it. Bagehot brings into strong contrast the wonderful quickness of his rise with the wonderful slowness of Lord Palmerston's :—

"He was not an attractive speaker, he wanted animal spirits, and detested an approach to anything theatrical. He had very considerable command of exact language, but he had no impulse to use it. If it was his duty to speak, he spoke; but he did not want to speak when it was not his duty. Silence was no pain, and oratory no pleasure to him. If mere speaking were the main qualification for an influence in Parliament —if, as is often said, Parliamentary government be a synonym for the government of talkers and *avocats*, Sir George Lewis would have had no influence, would never have been a Parliamentary ruler. Yet we once heard a close and good observer say: 'George Lewis's influence in the House is something wonderful: whatever he proposes has an excellent chance of being carried. He excites no opposition, he commands great respect, and generally he carries his plan.' The House of Commons, according to the saying, is wiser than any one in it. There is an elective affinity for solid sense in a practical assembly of educated Englishmen which always operates, and which rarely errs. Sir George Lewis's influence was great, not only on his own side of the House, but on the other."

So great was the position he had attained that only the other day I heard it discussed in a group of men of long

Parliamentary experience whether he would or would not have become Prime Minister, if he had lived a little longer. That he ought to have done so, I myself have no doubt; for he was far the wisest man on our side in those days; as wise as was the late Lord Derby, the Lord Stanley of that period, on the other. It would have been difficult to have put the thinnest sheet of silver paper between the opinions of these two men, although they sat on opposite sides of the table. I do not think, however, that he would have been Prime Minister. He himself did not think so; for he said shortly before his death, "Palmerston must soon go, and then we may have Russell for a time; but after him Gladstone is inevitable, and in five years he will have dashed the party to pieces." This is exactly what happened, Cornewall Lewis foresaw eleven years. He foresaw 1874; but he did not foresee the great recovery of 1880, nor the tremendous disaster which followed a few years later. He was a very wise man; but his faults no less than his merits would have prevented him competing successfully with Mr. Gladstone for the Premiership. He said once in a discussion with Mr. Bagehot's father-in-law: "No, Wilson, I can't do it; the fact is that you are an animal and I am a vegetable." His judgment was first-rate, but he had not that driving power which was necessary if a man was to hold the first place in the times up to the edge of which he lived.

A paper on Cobden in the same volumes is quite excellent as far as it goes; but it is devoted rather to the consideration of that great and good man as the principal author of the Free Trade Reforms and as the most persuasive of orators: it does not deal with him in his capacity of an international man.

Another capital Essay discusses Mr. Lowe as Chancellor of the Exchequer, written in 1871. If it had appeared a couple of years later, the shades would perhaps have been deepened a little. Although Mr. Lowe was not a very happy choice for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, he was, I think, the cleverest man in Mr. Gladstone's first Cabinet, cleverer even than Mr. Gladstone himself, though without any of his popular power. All that Bagehot says of the difficulties which he encountered from the state of his eyesight is only too true; but he does not notice his skill in the art of making enemies, which was also conspicuous. Excellent and much to be recommended to officials who wish to succeed are the remarks upon dressing up a case for Parliament:—

"In this art there are two secrets of which Mr. Cardwell is an eminent master. The first is always to content yourself with the minimum of general maxims which will suit your purpose, and prove what you want. By so doing, you offend as few people as possible, you startle as few people as possible, and you expose yourself to as few retorts as possible. And the second secret is to make the whole discussion very uninteresting—to

leave an impression that the subject is very dry, that it is very difficult, that the Department has attended to the dreary detail of it, and that, on the whole, it is safer to leave it to the Department and a dangerous responsibility to interfere with the Department. The faculty of disheartening adversaries by diffusing on occasion an oppressive atmosphere of business-like dulness, is invaluable to a Parliamentary statesman."

Bagehot has no paper upon Cardwell; but if he had written about him seriously, I am sure he would not have failed to do full justice to the man who almost re-created the British Army.

He must have studied Mr. Disraeli very closely, though I am not aware that he knew him personally. Writing of him in 1876, he divides the Parliamentary career of that remarkable personage, up to that time, into four periods.

The first of these was his free-lance period, when he was attacking Sir Robert Peel. Of course, there is nothing to be said in defence of his proceedings during that period, if he is to be considered as a moral being; but Bagehot merely deals with the intellectual power he then exhibited, and rates it as high as it deserves—that is very high indeed. Secondly, he discusses him as a leader of Opposition, and in that capacity, again treating him as a non-moral being, he gives him great praise. In it, he says: "Disraeli showed eminent mind, not equal to that of his free-lance period, but still very great." Thirdly, he speaks of Disraeli as leader of a Government in a Minority, and in this capacity,

he once more, and (having watched him closely through all the difficult time from 1866 to 1868, no less than from 1858 to 1859), I think justly, awards him the very highest praise. Lastly, he considers him as the head of a Government with an immense majority behind him, a majority that would have enabled him to do almost anything that he pleased. In this capacity, Bagehot considers that, far from being first-rate, he was ninth-rate, and it is true. He did nothing worth doing with his enormous force, though the best men on our side had not the slightest desire to hamper him either in 1874, 1875, or 1876. Bagehot, who, as I have said, died in 1877, did not see the second half of Disraeli's Premiership, the Beaconsfield period. If he had lived to describe it, he might have described it not as ninth, but as nineteenth-rate. That is the period which conciliated the favour of all the silliest people in the country. Well was it described by a witty observer as the "Reign of a Mad Caliph."

The paper on Pitt is extremely worth studying; for it is the true Pitt who is set before us, the Pitt so well characterised by the last Lord Strangford but one, in a brilliant speech made at Canterbury, where, in defending himself from the accusation of having departed from the principles which he had professed at his election, he said:—

"When I am accused of having departed from true Toryism I claim asylum, I take sanctuary in the tomb of William Pitt—not the Pitt of mythology and of Pitt Clubs, but the Pitt of history, the Pitt of immortality. He defeated, if he could not

conquer, a narrow, a selfish, a grasping, and a monopolising aristocracy; he raised the commercial class to those high places which, in a commercial country, are their heritage; he enacted those measures of free trade, which he had inherited, in theory, from Adam Smith, and in practice, from Bolingbroke; he sympathised with those great spirits in 1789 in France, whose production still governs the world, and whose memory still fills it; he forecast a large measure of conciliation to Ireland; and when defeated by bigotry in high places, he was prevented from enforcing it, he resigned. Such were the principles of that great master. I learned them in the story of his life, and by a diligent study of his speeches; and if I am wrong, I can only say that I would rather be wrong with Pitt, than right with those who profane his memory and blaspheme his great name."

An article originally published in a supplement to the *Economist*, after the death of Mr. Wilson in 1860, gives a most interesting account of that very able man, who would assuredly have risen even higher in the State than he did, if "the blind Fury with the abhorred shears" had not intervened.

Three of the five volumes into which Bagehot's shorter works have been collected are entitled *Literary Studies*. Of most of these I need say nothing here, for they have little relation to the subjects which are the special province of this League. At the same time, scattered through many, which deal principally with subjects sufficiently remote from ours, are passages full of political insight. I do not know where one could turn, for example, to find a better description of the Cavalier character than

that which is to be found in the paper on Macaulay, or keener criticism of the evils of simple democracy than in the paper on Shakespeare. The fault of these studies considered as what they originally were—Review articles—lies in the fact that their author spends too much time in hovering over the subject, which stands at the head of his pages, before he swoops down upon it. That fault, however, is of no importance to the reader who only approaches them in their collected form; for he may be supposed to be much more anxious to become acquainted with the mind of Bagehot than to learn or re-learn about the persons whom that writer submits to his almost always highly intelligent and often most wise and discriminating criticism. Here and there one may observe opinions which hardly fit well into the general views of so sane a thinker. He reflects, for instance, in his admirable essay upon pure, ornate, and grotesque poetry, the foolish opinions about Byron which were current when it first appeared. The success of the great poet when he first burst upon the world was so great, so overwhelming, that a reaction was inevitable, and it came with a vengeance. "The forms of nonsense," said Lord Beaconsfield near the end of his life, "have changed in this generation." A young man said to me the other day that what he most admired in Byron was his character!" Another wiseacre of the same species deserves to be immortalised for the re-

mark, made to a friend of mine, that "Byron had no technique." Now, an opinion is forming which, while it has nothing in common with the frantic enthusiasm of eighty years ago, is still further removed from the unwise depreciation which fell for a time to the lot of one of our national glories.

Again, I find in the Essay on Lady Mary Wortley Montague a repetition of the usual commonplaces about there being no good letters written in our day. Nothing can be less true, and Bagehot, as it happens, need not have gone outside his own family to find contemporary letters as good as any which the eighteenth century has got to show. Such things, however, are mere spots on the sun, and do not prevent the *Literary Studies*, as a whole, being most eminently worthy of careful perusal.

In the third volume there is a paper on the *Public Worship Regulation Bill of* 1874, which may be read with interest and profit in connection with present controversies.

The paper on Cæsarism as it existed in 1865, which is re-printed as a set-off to the clever but immature letters of 1851 already alluded to, points out with much sagacity the corrupting influence of Louis Napoleon's Government, and the mischief which it would inevitably do to the next generation of Frenchmen; but in some respects it takes too favourable a view, as, for instance, when it says that the

Empire encouraged all mental effort save the teaching of the people. The best men in France, Renan, for instance, though making great allowances for the difficult circumstances in which the Emperor was placed, would assuredly not have admitted that.

There is a very sensible article in the same volume entitled *Bad Lawyers and Good*, showing how cruelly the public suffer from the former class. In it Bagehot advocates many reforms in the teaching of the Law, which had been previously advocated by others in and out of Parliament, and some of which have been since adopted. It is curious to look back and to remember that, before 1853, there was not even a voluntary examination for the Bar. In that year, one was held for the first time, in which Sir Henry Maine and other distinguished people took an active part. That was the beginning of the reform for the carrying further of which Bagehot pleaded in 1870. He had no interest in change for the sake of change—no hostility to existing institutions—quite the opposite feeling, indeed, about them; but wherever a practical reform, a reform about the result of which there could be no doubt amongst unprejudiced people was to be advocated, you had no difficulty in knowing on what side he was likely to be found.

The same tendencies may be observed in his writings about Parliamentary Reform. He wished for changes in

the old system, which would, in his opinion, work well. He cared for none of the Shibboleths of the day, hardly even for the legitimate aspirations of this or that section of the unenfranchised. It would, however, have been out of the question to imagine that the views of any wise man should have had much influence in the settlement of the questions which dominated our internal politics in the Sixties, and were settled in 1867 by a measure for which really no one wished. Though it has worked fairly well, it was the resultant of all kinds of forces acting across each other, and of all sorts of intrigues, some on the one side, some on the other—"Experto credite Roberto."

It is, however, time to turn to the volume of Mr. Bagehot's collected works, which is entitled *Economic Studies*. The first two of these on the *Postulates of Political Economy* and the *Preliminaries of Political Economy* have been published with notes by Professor Marshall, and are, I believe, a recognised text-book at Cambridge. That fact should not, however, discourage the reader who is not preparing for an examination, and who merely takes down from his shelves the volume in which they are contained with a view to passing an agreeable hour; for they are full of acute remarks such as are the delight of intelligent men of the world. Nothing can be better, for example, than the way in which Bagehot puts Political Economy so-called in its proper place, a very high place, doubtless, but still one which,

when it is once accepted, lifts the science quite out of the way of a great many attacks which have been made upon it because it was supposed to make claims which it never did make:—

"There is nothing capricious," he says, "we should observe, n this conception of Political Economy, nor, though it originated n England, is there anything specially English in it. It is the heory of commerce, as commerce tends more and more to be when capital increases and competition grows. England was the first—or one of the first—countries to display these characteristics in such vigour, and so isolated as to suggest a separate analysis of them, but, as the world goes on, similar characteristics are being evolved in one society after another. A similar money market, a similar competing trade based on large capital, gradually tends to arise in all countries. As 'men of the world' are the same everywhere, so the great commerce is the same everywhere. Local peculiarities and ancient modifying circumstances fall away in both cases; and it is of this one and uniform commerce which grows daily and which will grow, according to every probability more and more, that English Political Economy aspires to be the explanation.

"And our Political Economy does not profess to prove this growing world to be a good world—far less to be the best. Abroad the necessity of contesting socialism has made some writers use the conclusions brought out by our English science for that object. But the aim of that science is far more humble; it says these and these forces produce these and these effects, and there it stops. It does not profess to give a moral judgment on either; it leaves it for a higher science, and one yet more difficult, to pronounce what ought and what ought not to be."

Again, how admirably Bagehot brushes away much of the nonsense that is talked about the working-class and its share in the work of the world:—

"The capitalist is the motive power in modern production, in the 'great commerce.' He settles what goods shall be made, and what not; what brought to market, and what not. He is the general of the army, he fixes on the plan of operations, organises its means and superintends its execution. If he does this well, the business succeeds and continues; if he does it ill, the business fails and ceases. Everything depends on the correctness of the unseen decisions, on the secret sagacity of the determining mind. And I am careful to dwell on this, though it is so obvious, and though no man of business would think it worth mentioning because books forget it,—because the writers of books are not familiar with it. They are taken with the conspicuousness of the working classes; they hear them say: 'It is we who made Birmingham, we who made Manchester;' but you might as well say that it was the 'compositors' who made the *Times* newspaper. No doubt the craftsmen were necessary to both, but of themselves they were insufficient to either. The printers do not settle what is to be printed; the writers do not even settle what is to be written. It is the editor who settles everything. He creates the *Times* from day to day; on his power of hitting the public fancy its prosperity and power rest; everything depends on his daily bringing to the public exactly what the public wants to buy; the rest of Printing-House Square—all the steam presses, all the type, all the staff, clever as so many of them are,—are but implements which he moves. In the very same way the capitalist edits the 'business,' it is he who settles what commodities to offer to the public; how and when to offer them, and all the rest of what is material."

The paper on *Adam Smith and our Modern Economy*, already mentioned, is good throughout; but better in nothing than in the observation which occurs near the end to the effect that the ways really to appreciate Adam Smith are two: First—We should form a clear notice of the received political economy of the world at the time he wrote and of the hideous nonsense that was then believed by really superior men. Secondly—We should "take him and read him," for, says Bagehot:—

"There are scarcely five consecutive pages in the *Wealth of Nations* which do not contain some sound and solid observation important in practice and replete with common-sense. The most experienced men of business would have been proud of such a fund of just maxims fresh from the life, and it is wonderful that they should have occurred to an absent student, apparently buried in books and busy with abstractions."

Bagehot, who liked to study the men before he studied the institutions or writings which made them famous, is remarkably successful in bringing home to his readers how it was that the founders of the Science of Political Economy came to be its founders, what it was that started them in their careers, and how they were related to the world in which they lived. Take Malthus, for example. Malthus was the son of a very worthy man, who was penetrated through and through with the teaching of Rousseau. Forced to live while *in statu pupillari* in a world of pleasant illusions, young Malthus revolted against these illusions as

soon as he was his own master. To his desire to shake them off and be done with them once for all, we must attribute the unnecessarily harsh appearance which he gave at first to his doctrine. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and then you may feel safe that he will not walk in it," is a maxim to which Bagehot gives his adherence. Many will be surprised to learn from his pages that Malthus was a strong advocate of protection to Agriculture. He adds that that writer had not the practical sagacity necessary for the treatment of political economy in a concrete way, nor the mastery of abstract ideas necessary for treating it in a scientific way. He goes even so far as to say that there was a mist of speculation over Malthus's facts and a vapour of fact over his ideas. I trust some of those who are listening to me will not live to see a painful illustration of his views in some parts of India, where the preventive checks recognised by Malthus in his later, though not in his earlier stage, are by no means present.

Take Ricardo again. He had a natural aptitude, derived probably from his Jewish ancestry, for all questions relating to money, and he was n the Stock Exchange during the twenty years in which we had an inconvertible paper currency. It is the nature of inconvertible paper, Mr. Bagehot remarks, to make extremely complicated the dealings between other countries and the country that has it, so that Ricardo was perpetually led to examine extremely

difficult questions on which his fortune largely depended. He answered these questions well, and profited accordingly, for he early realised a great fortune. It was, however, not by his pamphlets upon such subjects that he made his fame. It was by an abstract treatise on the principles of political economy. He was not a highly-educated man, but fell in, in mature life, with the right person to give him what he wanted. This person was the elder Mill, who had consequently a very large share in forming not only his own eminent son, but one of the *Dii Majores* of the previous generation. Neither instructor nor pupil quite knew what they were doing. They thought that the abstractions which they discussed were not abstractions at all, but real things. That was their root-error; but it does not prevent Ricardo from keeping a great place in the history of political economy.

It is a thousand pities that Bagehot did not live to publish an estimate of John Stuart Mill like those which are to be found in this volume, of Malthus, and Ricardo. He used to call himself the last survivor of political economy as it was in the ante-Mill period; but he would have done ample justice to that very exceptional man alike on his political, on his politico-economical, literary, and social sides. Nobody has, so far as I know, said the concluding word of his generation about one who was so deeply interesting in so many ways, though Mr. John Morley has

said much and well. Mill, from causes quite intelligible, has attached, in what he has written about himself, far too much importance to his Parliamentary period. It would not be true to say that in these three years he "spent his fine reputation like a gentleman"; but he certainly diminished it in the opinion of some of those who, like myself, had been his enthusiastic admirers before he entered the House of Commons, and thought a good deal less highly of him in 1868 than they had done in 1865. These three years, however, shrink to very small proportions when we look back at them from 1899, and we should all much like to have read, before we too disappeared from the scene, a just estimate of his unique personality, for unique he was. His very shake of the hand was utterly unlike that of any other human being. There were half-a-dozen different Mills fused into one to make up his very composite being. I wonder what most of the people, who only knew him in connection with public meetings, would have thought if they had been like the mouse behind the curtain when I, one day, as a youth, asked him in his room at the old India House about stations for rare plants along the Great Western Railway. He jumped from the four-legged stool on which he sat at his desk, with the words: "I'm your man for that!" and I still possess the list, which he sent me afterwards, in his own hand.

At pages 279 and 280 of the *Economic Studies* will be

found an interesting fragment about him as a political economist; but it is a mere fragment.

I have now noticed very briefly most of the papers contained in the five-volume edition of Mr. Bagehot's shorter works, in so far as they concern a Society like ours; but I ought to say a little about several of his longer publications, although three at least of them are, I apprehend, a good deal better known than most of those we have been considering. The first of which I shall speak is *Lombard Street*. I do not know how many editions it has had, but the one which I possess, given me by the author himself, is the fifth, and was published as far back as 1873.

It contains a large amount of information not generally possessed by people who do not belong to the very separate world of the City, and treats subjects, usually considered to be extremely difficult, with an amount of perspicuity which is highly refreshing. Its main object, however, was not to diffuse knowledge to the outside public, but to bring home to those who have been charged with the pecuniary responsibilities of this country the exact nature of their duties, and the perils to which they and all others are sometimes exposed. The peril to which its author devoted most attention was the smallness of our gold reserve, and he certainly makes out a very strong case. It may be hoped and believed that things are somewhat better in this

respect than they were when he took the subject up; but no one can read the very intelligent article on Banking, published in the *Quarterly* for July last, without seeing that even now they are by no means satisfactory.

The writer believes, and gives us good reason to believe, that the present system works admirably in quiet times, but warns us, like a wise man, that times not quiet, times as bad as those of 1847, 1857, and 1866 may be before us.

In 1869 Bagehot published a little book, entitled a *Practical Plan for Assimilating the English and American Money*, as a step towards Universal Money. This was republished twenty years later, and even under the altered circumstances of the present day is well worth studying. Nay, in some respects, the present would be a more appropriate moment to launch such a proposal than was that at which it first appeared. However that may be, it is good that till the end desired by Bagehot is attained, the public mind should from time to time be invited to ponder the observations with which he concluded his preface:—

"In the old mediæval 'law merchant,' the universal custom of trade which the international trader took with him from country to country, there was a recognition of a principle which we want now. The possession of special and very active legislatures by many States has broken up everywhere old customary laws; the unity we need now must be a unity based on explicit treaty and voluntary agreements. But the idea is

the same. Ultimately the world will see one *Code de Commerce*, and one money as the symbol of it.

"We are, as yet, very distant from so perfect an age. The proposal set forth in these pages does not profess to realise even the monetary part of the ideal. I fear the attempt to found an universal money is not possible now. I think it would fail because of its size. But I believe we could get as far as two moneys, two leading commercial currencies, which nations could one by one join as they chose, and which in after time might be combined; and though this may fall short of theoretical perfection, to the practical English mind it may seem the more probable for that very reason."

The book which bears the name of *Physics and Politics*, and was published in the International Scientific Series, dwells for the most part in the ante-chambers of History, in those dim regions of which we cannot properly treat without sowing the margin of our pages, as Renan would have said, with a sign indicating that the statement in the text ought to be qualified by a "perhaps." It is eminently suggestive, extremely brilliant, and one of the most interesting products of the great Darwinian impulse; but I prefer those of its author's writings which deal with matters more readily verifiable. To say that it is full of memorable sayings is merely to say that Bagehot wrote it. Take, for instance, the following :—

"Plato and Aristotle lived when men had not had time to forget the difficulties of government. We have forgotten them altogether. We reckon, as the basis of our culture, upon an

amount of order, of tacit obedience, of prescriptive governability which these philosophers hoped to get as a principal result of their culture. We take without thought as a datum what they hunted as a quæsitum."

Or again :—

"The best history is but like the Art of Rembrandt ; it casts a vivid light on certain selected causes, on those which were best and greatest ; it leaves all the rest in shadow and unseen."

Or again :—

"The union of the Englishman and the Hindu produces something not only between races, but between moralities."

Or this :—

"Leisure is the great need of early Societies, and slaves only can give men leisure. . . . When other sources of leisure become possible the one use of slavery is past ; but all its evils remain and even grow worse."

Or this :—

"The whole history of civilisation is strewn with creeds and institutions which were invaluable at first and deadly afterwards."

I take these at random, but the book is full of them. Here and there a phrase like the "Cake of Custom" (page 27) has almost passed into our common talk.

A very good contrast to *Physics and Politics* is Bagehot's book on the *English Constitution*, one of the best things that has ever been written about that strange abstraction with regard to which someone said that the most remark-

able thing about it was that it did not exist. The book is quite as suggestive, quite as brilliant as *Physics and Politics*, but it deals with matters which come home to the business and bosom of us all. No careful reader will go through it, however much he may be immersed in practical politics, without marking something every two or three pages for practical use. I have not time, however, to dwell upon it, nor would I do so even if I had time; for it is probable the best known of all his works, and has, I believe, become a subject of examination in at least one of the Universities.

Just before Bagehot died, he wrote a small book *On the Depreciation of Silver*. That subject was just then beginning to be discussed, but had not excited public attention to anything like the extent it has done since. There is no reason, however, to suppose that, if he had lived twenty years longer, and had heard all that was to be said in favour of Bi-Metallism, he would in the slightest degree have changed his views, which are to be found in the 17th chapter of the book to which I have referred. Its last paragraph runs as follows:—

"But this and other characteristics, whether for good or evil, which may belong to universal bi-metallism are, in our judgment, scarcely worth considering; they seem to us fit only for theoretical books, because the plan is only a theory on paper, and will never be in practice tried."

The books which I have passed in rapid review form an

immense output for a man who died at 51; but I am not sure that the impression of power which was produced by his conversation was not even greater. Perhaps its most remarkable feature was its unexpectedness. However well you knew him, you could not foresee how he would express himself on any subject, but when you knew it you had, in the immense majority of cases, to admit that what he said was admirably said. The following passage, with which I shall conclude, was written by one who knew him most intimately, and does not, I think, in the slightest degree exaggerate the impression which he produced :—

"No one with whom I have lived in close contact has ever produced upon me so much the impression of genius as he did. He never needed to be told anything. There was something Shakespearian in the way in which he instinctively knew what was going on in the minds of all sorts of men, and he brought to bear upon this knowledge a judgment at once so firm and so clear that one felt irresistibly impelled to take his conclusions as final, when he came to definite conclusions. When he did not —and his wisdom often held him back from doing so—he equally satisfied one's mind—it had been enriched, stirred with living thought, delighted by the touch of true humour. One's horizon had been widened—one breathed more freely—one lived more happily Ten years ago, at Herdshill, all this went from us in its prime. When burning brightly the light suddenly went out, and I have never ceased to feel that things have been darker ever since."

Whether any of us who are now alive will see another Bagehot I cannot venture to predict; but, if such a man is

destined soon to arise, what is more natural than that he should do so in the ranks of a Society like this, devoted to social and political subjects considered in their very broadest aspects? That is why I selected his Life and Works as the subject of this address.

THE LIFE OF ARTHUR STANLEY.

WELL-NIGH thirteen years have passed away since the aisles of the great church of the English race echoed for the last time to the accents of the wisest and best of the Deans of Westminster.

Many of those who valued him most have chafed at the unfortunate circumstances which have so long prevented the publication of his life. Now that we have it, the first feeling, as we lay it down, is certainly one of disappointment. I hasten, however, to add that the characteristics of the book which cause this disappointment were simply inevitable. Stanley passed much of his life in "fighting with beasts at Ephesus." We who lived through those times know all about those beasts, and have no wish to read once more the record of their names; but Mr. Prothero and the present Dean of Westminster had to think mainly not of those to whom the leading outlines of the story are familiar, but of the new generation which is already upon the scene.

The narrative of these combats had to be put together and to be placed upon record once for all. Admirably as he bore himself, however, through all their vicissitudes, it was not in his powers as a controversialist that Stanley's importance consisted. The lines upon which his life will ultimately be written, when he will be remembered both in Great and Greater Britain as the herald of a new Reformation infinitely more beneficent than that of the sixteenth century, were laid down by his friend Matthew Arnold in one of the latest and most prophetic of his poems.

"What! for a term so scant
Our shining visitant
Cheer'd us, and now is pass'd into the night?
Could'st thou no better keep, O Abbey old,
The boon thy dedication-sign foretold,
The presence of that gracious inmate, light?—
A child of light appear'd;
Hither he came, late-born and long-desired,
And to men's hearts this ancient place endear'd;
What, is the happy glow so soon expired?

. . . . . .

"Yet in this latter time
The promise of the prin..
Seem'd to come true at last, O Abbey old!
It seem'd a child of light did bring the dower
Foreshown thee in thy consecration-hour
And in thy courts his shining freight unroll'd;
Bright wits and instinct sure,

And goodness warm, and truth without alloy,
And temper sweet, and love of all things pure,
And joy in light, and power to spread the joy.

. . . .

"Ay me! 'Tis deaf that ear
Which joy'd my voice to hear;
Yet would I not disturb thee from thy tomb,
Thus sleeping in thine Abbey's friendly shade,
And the rough waves of life forever laid!
I would not break thy rest nor change thy doom.
Even as my Father, thou—
Even as that loved, that well-recorded friend—
Hast thy commission done; ye both may now
Wait for the leaven to work, the let to end.

"And thou, O Abbey grey!
Predestined to the ray
By this dear guest over thy precinct shed—
Fear not but that thy light once more shall burn,
Once more thine immemorial gleam return,
Though sunk be now this bright, this gracious head!
Let but the light appear
And thy transfigured walls be touch'd with flame—
Our Arthur will again be present here,
Again from lip to lip will pass his name."

Holding, as I do, that this view of Stanley is the correct one, I shall pay very little attention to the portions of Mr. Prothero's work which deal with matters of controversy, and still less with the "men ignoble," who harassed his hero with strife.

In the words of a great and good man who had much to suffer from that type of humanity:—

"On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime; l'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun dans la promenade à travers la vie."

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley was born at Alderley Rectory, in the county of Cheshire, on 13th December 1815. Sprung from an ancient and famous English race he had also some Celtic blood in his veins, a circumstance to which his biographer attaches, perhaps not unjustly, a good deal of weight. He inherited from his father his liberal and generous way of looking at all questions, religious and political; but neither the bodily activity nor the keen interest in natural science, nor the open-air tastes which distinguished a man, notable in his generation, were transmitted to the one of his children who was destined to become illustrious. From his mother he inherited much more, but nevertheless he was, in essentials, exceedingly unlike both his parents. His health, always delicate, caused them a good deal of anxiety in his early years, but he was at length sent away from home to the care of a clergyman who lived at Seaforth, on the coast not far from Liverpool, and who took charge of a small number of boys. Under the tuition of this gentleman he made exceedingly rapid progress, developed a strong turn for writing English verse, and a good deal of the kind of power which made him in later life

so excellent a *raconteur*. Of infinitely more importance, however, than his years spent at Seaforth, so far as the development of his intelligence was concerned, was a short tour which he made with his family in 1828. Of this there is an account well worth turning to, but over which I must not linger. Two generations ago the schools of England belonged to three great classes—the bad, the worse, and the worst. The genius and still more the character of Dr. Arnold, who went to Rugby in 1828, was already raising that school, when Stanley went there in 1829, to the very head of the first class, not further, for it would have been utterly impossible for any human being to extend his influence in the short space of one year, or for that matter of ten years, into every corner of so large an institution. Luckily for Stanley he passed, with extreme rapidity, from the fourth form to the sixth, and remained to the end of his time in close and immediate relations with a man pre-eminently suited to stimulate, not to say over-stimulate the best kind of English boy. No one can be surprised if during all his school life, and for some time after it, the pupil gave a somewhat idolatrous worship to his great master, or failed to see the defects and limitations which have made most, though by no means all he wrote, of such scant value only half a century after his death. Dr. Arnold, however, will always be a notable figure in the history of nineteenth-century England, not by his works but

by his work. Of him, too, his intellectually far more gifted son has said the last word in his *Rugby Chapel.*

Towards the end of his school career Stanley won the first of the two Balliol scholarships, the great prizes for which at that time, and for long years afterwards, the flower of English youth competed. The second scholarship was won by Lonsdale of Eton, an exceedingly gifted and attractive person, who survived by some years his brilliant fellow-scholar, but never made any great mark in the world. After his achievement Stanley returned to Rugby and remained there for a considerable time, tearing himself away most reluctantly when the hour of departure struck in the summer of 1834. After leaving school, and before going up to Oxford in October, he spent a most fruitful summer, partly at the Lakes with Arnold, where he came to know Wordsworth, and partly at Hurstmonceaux with his connection Julius Hare, whose curate was no less a personage than John Sterling. Here he came much more in contact with German thought than he had ever done before, and new vistas opened to his ever enquiring mind. It was only natural that after such intellectual experiences the life of a freshman, even at Balliol, seemed rather flat, although he had the companionship of such contemporaries as Frederick Faber and W. G. Ward.

His estimate of College lectures was not flattering. Even fourteen years later it must be admitted that they left

much to be desired, and reading men at Balliol would have got through a great deal more useful work if the obligation to attend them had not existed. It was the year before Stanley went into residence that Newman had returned from his journey in Southern Europe, and had begun the publication of the *Tracts for the Times*. Through Faber, Stanley was drawn into the magic circle which, even at that early date, had begun to surround the Vicar of St. Mary's; but, although much impressed, his intellect was never convinced. The Arnoldine influence was all too strong to make that possible.

His successes in gaining University honours was very considerable. He even got the Ireland; but only the third time he tried for it, having been beaten the first year by Osborne Gordon, the second by Linwood, both remarkable men, who, although far inferior in genius to their competitor, were very far superior to him in the accomplishments for which that highly-prized honour was awarded. The Newdigate, the Latin, and the English Essay also fell to his share. He obtained, too, while still an undergraduate, a much rarer distinction in having had his views on the subject of Dr. Hampden's appointment to be Regius Professor of Divinity laid before and respectfully considered by Lord Melbourne, who was then Prime Minister.

Before he took his degree his father was appointed Bishop of Norwich, a circumstance which added to his

opportunities of coming into relations with the outer world, and, while still an undergraduate, he made a tour which introduced him to the ex-Grand Duchess of Baden, born a Beauharnais, and a most gifted person. He also paid a visit to Cambridge, which made him acquainted with several of the chief lights of that University, including Thirlwall, and he found time for a brief journey in Ireland.

After taking his degree, he paused to review his whole intellectual position, and at the beginning of 1838 was probably nearer to Newman's way of thinking than ever before or after. His wish at this time was to settle in Oxford as a Fellow of Balliol, but seeing that, in the existing state of parties in the Common Room of that College, this was impossible, he fell back upon University, which he gradually made as like Balliol as the majority of the colleagues with whom he had to work would allow him to do. In ten years, however, thanks to him, the University Scholarship ranked next the Balliol as an object of youthful ambition.

In August 1839, he made a tour on the Continent. His tours were, from the beginning to the end of his life, of supreme importance in storing and widening his mind; and this time he had with him in Belgium two companions who were quite worthy of him. One was Church of Oriel, who for forty years, whether at Oxford, in the retirement

of a country parsonage, or as Dean of St. Paul's, was one of the most really distinguished members of the Church of England. The other was Faber, some of whose experiences on this tour are preserved in his early poems, as, for instance, in the beautiful sonnet upon *Aged Cities.*

Stanley, after parting with his two friends, went on to join another, who was reserved for great destinies, which might, if rumour speaks true, have also been those of the first whom he left behind. This third friend was A. C. Tait, who was then at Bonn, studying the organisation of the University there, and at Bonn, Stanley came to know, amongst others, Arndt, patriot and poet as well as professor, and Nitzsch, long afterwards famous in the pulpit of Berlin, as continuing the traditions of Schleiermacher. Another result of this Bonn visit was a pamphlet by Tait on the best method of revivifying the professorial system at Oxford, in which his younger companion was not without a share.

In process of time Stanley took Orders after passing through a period of great uneasiness on the score of the declarations he had to make—declarations, impolitic and mischievous enough even in their present form, but which his efforts in later years, especially between the beginning of 1862 and the end of 1865, did much to mitigate. A little later he started for another journey, in which he passed through Switzerland to Northern Italy. An account

of his visit to Bunsen at Berne (pages 259 to 261) is amongst the most interesting things in the two volumes.

From Ancona, Stanley and his companion crossed to Corfu, and began a most repaying journey in Greece, of which I trust a much fuller account may one day be given to the public. From Malta, where he was detained five days in quarantine, he made his way *viâ* Naples to Rome, whence he travelled northward with Mr. Pearson, the intimate friend of his whole life, and Mr. Rogers, later Lord Blachford, arriving in England in 1841, after an absence of ten months, almost every hour of which had brought him new knowledge. On the 27th February, Tract 90 had appeared, and a raging controversy was going on at Oxford when he returned thither, in which his friends Tait and Ward were leading combatants on opposite sides. From time to time he escaped from the strife to London, where he breakfasted with Rogers the poet, and again met Wordsworth, along with Sir Henry Taylor and Spedding. He also took seriously to reading Dante, which he had begun in Rome. The point which he had reached in mental growth is well shown in some letters to Pearson, written in the Long Vacation of 1841, which should be read in their entirety, but from which I will only quote one sentence—"Faith founded the Church; hope has sustained it: I cannot help thinking that it is reserved for Love to reform it." That is much the same idea,

passed through the alembic of a highly instructed mind in the nineteenth century, as is to be found in the group of Italians amongst whom arose the premature but extraordinarily interesting movement which is known as that of the Eternal Gospel.

The appointment of Arnold to be Professor of Modern History, and the delivery of his inaugural lecture in December 1841, were to Stanley an agreeable interlude amidst the contentions which then divided Oxford, and the favourable impression created by his friend, on that occasion, continued to the close of the course. That was rapidly followed by his death on the 12th June 1842, and many pages of this book are naturally devoted to all Stanley did and said on that occasion, as well as to the life and correspondence of the great Head Master of Rugby, which was brought out by his devoted pupil on the last day of May 1844. During the period of nearly two years which elapsed between the death of Arnold and the publication of his life, Stanley was so occupied with it that there is little to be told, but he paid a visit to Versailles with his friend Vaughan, and wrote to Pearson as follows :—

"I pronounce it to be the glory of Cisalpine Europe, the most interesting spot north of Italy, in the mere awfulness of historical interest rivalling, if not equalling, the sublime view from the steps of St. John Lateran."

The book was as great a success as it deserved to be, and produced a very remarkable effect upon the generation which went up to the University immediately after Newman's secession. Stanley took an even more decided part in defending him and his friends during the period of persecution to which they were subjected immediately before that event than he had done when, forgetful of the saying,

"Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam,"

they had themselves attacked Dr. Hampden, and when Ward was the victim, on the famous 13th February 1845, he had the recollections of an old friendship as well as his love of comprehension to support him.

The year before Ward's condemnation he made a journey of six weeks with his friend Jowett in Germany, meeting many interesting people, such as Lachmann, Ewald, Humboldt, Ranke, and Neander.

Returning to Oxford from such society must have been a little like going back to the Middle Ages; but Stanley's work lay there, and how admirably he did it is recounted at length by his biographer.

The third Hampden agitation, in the end of 1847, called him once again into action as a defender of a persecuted, although most uninteresting, man. Some time before that he had become Select Preacher, and delivered the four sermons afterwards published in his volume on the

Apostolical Age. I heard only the last of them, that on St. John, preached in St. Mary's on 31st January 1847, and it certainly appeared to me then incomparably the best sermon to which I had ever listened. At the same time, I should hardly agree with the view put forth by Mr. Prothero in commenting upon this portion of Stanley's life. He evidently thinks that the movement of 1833 was an interruption to the course of progress on which Oxford was entering before that date. I consider that, given the traditions of English religious life, it was quite inevitable; and that, although the immediate aims of its promoters were mistaken in almost every particular, they have yet produced indirect results of the greatest moment. Stanley came as a power upon the scene just at the right moment. There was a dramatic propriety in his appearing as Select Preacher about the time that Newman's *Essay on Development* appeared, a book of whose last page he said that it seemed to him "one of the most affecting passages ever written by an uninspired pen."

Up to this time he had given no very special attention to politics; but a passage on page 346 about Peel's speech on his last night of power may be quoted as showing the general drift of his opinions. Writing of it, he said:—

"No return of Cicero from exile, no triumphal procession up to the temple of Capitoline Jove, no Appius Claudius in the Roman Senate, no Chatham dying in the House of Lords, could have been a truly grander sight than that great Minister

retiring from Office, giving to the whole world Free Trade with one hand, and universal peace with the other, and casting under foot the miserable factions which had dethroned him.

> 'E'en at the base of Pompey's statue
> Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.'

So I write, the metaphor being suggested by an eye-witness, who told me it was Mark Anthony's speech over Cæsar's body, but spoken by Cæsar himself."

The outbreak of the Revolution of 1848 much quickened his interest in secular affairs. He took an early opportunity of visiting Paris, and was there when the formidable movement of 16th April occurred. A good many extracts are given from his letters to friends in England from the French capital, but fewer than I should like to see, for the events of those days, to say nothing of their world-wide consequences, had important special effects both on Stanley himself and on Oxford generally, doing much to divert the attention of both from a too exclusive pre-occupation with theological questions. Stanley returned to Paris in October 1848, and saw the reflux of the great tidal wave which had overwhelmed the Government of Louis Philippe. He was exceedingly impressed by it, almost too much indeed, for I remember a striking sermon which he preached before the University in the February of 1849, in which he contrasted the deep calm which then prevailed with the agitations of the year before, not foreseeing the tremendous storm then about to break over Central

Europe, which was only stilled by the intervention of Russia.

Various important changes took place about this time in his private life. His father died in August 1849, his younger brother in the December of that year, and his elder brother in the beginning of 1850. He succeeded also to a small landed property which made it impossible for him to retain his fellowship, and so lost his home at University College. He was offered, and refused, the Deanery of Carlisle, but accepted a Canonry at Canterbury, and became Secretary to the University Commission which was appointed in 1850 to enquire into the detestable old system which had long prevented Oxford taking her proper place among the Universities of Christendom. He left University College for Canterbury with many and poignant regrets, but the great cathedral city soon engaged his affections.

The publication of the Report of the University Commission in 1852 set him free to carry into effect a project, which he had long had in his mind, of making a journey in the East. He started for the South of Europe in the August of that year, returned for a brief period to England, during which he attended the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, and got fairly away in December. In due time he landed in Egypt, and began the journey which resulted in *Sinai and Palestine*. After leaving Syria, on his

return journey, he made his way north by Smyrna and Ephesus to Constantinople, whence he visited Nicæa, getting back to England in June 1853, and, having now forgotten all his regrets for Oxford, threw himself heartily into his work at Canterbury, one side of which was soon reflected to the world in his *Memorials*, published in December 1854. His lecture in that volume on the murder of Becket most especially interested him. He had pictured to himself so vividly the details of that event that, when he took me over the scene of it, he left on my mind the impression that if he had not taken part in the murder he had at least known a great deal too much about it. In the summer of 1855 he published his *Epistles to the Corinthians*, a companion work to his friend Jowett's *Commentary on the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans*. While engaged, to some extent, with these books, he was still more busy with *Sinai and Palestine*, which appeared in the spring of 1856, and which is, on the whole, the best of his works. I read it when it first appeared, and wrote what he told me was the first favourable review he had seen of it. I re-read a great part of it after an interval of more than thirty years, on my way home from India, on the Red Sea, and at Jerusalem in the winter of 1886, and I re-read the whole of it in the winter of 1887 at the foot of Mount Carmel. Much attention to these subjects had altered many of my views about them in the space of a generation,

as it had, I imagine, the views of most laymen. Nevertheless, although I should disagree with a very large number of the statements which the book contains, and should consider it rather as a poem and a geographical work than as a contribution to history, there is hardly a paragraph or a sentence in it that does not seem to me well deserving to be read.

An amusing interchange of letters, which will be found near the end of the first volume, took place between Stanley and his famous contemporary, the author of the *Christian Year*, with regard to this book. Stanley had the deepest possible affection, as he well might, for what is, after all, the most characteristic product of the Anglican Church, and wrote to Mr. Keble, sending him a copy of *Sinai and Palestine*. That excellent man, however, although one of the sweetest of sacred poets, was an exceedingly narrow theologian, ignorant as a babe of all that had been done by the Protestant Churches of the Continent to throw light upon the history either of the Old or of the New Testament, and alike upon this as upon all other occasions, he received the advances of Stanley with the greatest possible coolness. The revenge of the late Dean of Westminster and of his tolerant and comprehensive spirit working on his successor has been highly characteristic. Let any one who stands with his back to the Western door of the Great Abbey turn to the right, and

he will find himself in a small chapel, the Baptistery, in which Mr. Keble's monument is not only watched by Maurice and Kingsley, who to him were little better than Apollyon, but in which he has right opposite to him the bust of his godson, Matthew Arnold, who had certainly wandered very much further from what he would have considered the paths of orthodoxy than either of these two redoubtable heresiarchs.

In the end of 1856, Stanley was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, and delivered his three inaugural lectures in the February of 1857. About a year afterwards he left Canterbury, as sorry to go away from it as he had been to go thither some years before. Before, however, settling into his new house as Canon of Christchurch he made an agreeable tour in Sweden and a highly important one in Russia, which formed the groundwork of, and the incitement to, his Lectures on the Eastern Church. Of this tour there is too brief an account in these volumes, for it was not only full of instruction to him, but had a great deal of influence on his whole way of thinking of Christendom in his later life. He had the experience which must, I think, fall to the lot of every one who, occupied with the political and religious problems which are presented by Europe, but having looked at them hitherto only from the West, stands for the first time in the Kremlin, and scans the future with the eyes of the East.

Some time passed before he succeeded in re-acclimatising himself on the banks of the Isis, but by 1860 all his old love for Oxford had returned. Such lectures had never before been given by a Professor of Ecclesiastical History in that University, and gradually he began to produce a very great effect upon his students. One serious drawback he noticed—that the flower of the intelligence of the place had ceased to take Orders. This is a mischief which has gone on increasing, and will go from bad to worse until subscription is much more relaxed and the bond becomes a promise to abide by certain rules, not to hold certain opinions, more especially when they relate to subjects about which the best opinion is merely a conjecture.

The happy tenor of his Oxford life was varied by his being involved in several controversies—as, for instance, that concerning the appointment to the Boden Sanskrit Professorship, in which his friend Max Müller was defeated by a rally of all the least sensible people in the Oxford Convocation, not because they had any views on the comparative merits as an Orientalist, either of him or his very respectable opponent, but because Max Müller was closely connected with the Liberal Party in the University, and the majority in Convocation abhorred nothing so much as what one of them beautifully described as "that d——d intellect." He also warmly defended the cause of tolera-

tion when the person assailed was a well-intentioned but injudicious member of the High Church Party — then Rector of St. George's in the East—who had excited the alarm of some of his parishioners by changes in the Ritual, an alarm which soon developed into outrage and riot under the guidance of raging partisans. In this dispute Stanley only intervened from the instincts of a peacemaker, but with the quarrel about *Essays and Reviews* he was connected much more nearly, for Dr. Temple, the present Bishop of London,[1] was his friend, and Jowett was almost his most intimate friend. Mr. Prothero has found it necessary to tell, at some length, the whole story of the battle royal which took place over a work which now looks the very incarnation of harmlessness; but it is not necessary to follow him; the two names I have just cited are sufficient. Dr. Temple has for many years held one of the most influential Sees in the English Episcopate, and the disappearance from this earthly scene of the late Master of Balliol has called forth so deep and general a feeling throughout society, that we may safely say that the fight in which they were protagonists has resulted in victory for them all along the line.

Visits to Spain, Denmark, Hungary, and Mount Athos were useful relaxations amidst heavy labours, professorial and controversial, all of them adding much to Stanley's

[1] Now Archbishop of Canterbury, 1902.

intellectual equipment: but no considerable change in his life took place until, soon after the death of Prince Consort, it was arranged that he should accompany the Prince of Wales to the East. The story of his second journey in the lands to which he had already devoted so much time and thought is pleasantly told in two chapters of the second volume—the 18th and 19th. Hebron, the Samaritan Passover on Mount Gerizim, the Hills of Napthali, and the Cedars of Lebanon were the most important new things which he saw. While he was absent from England his mother died, and soon after he returned, on 13th June 1862, General Bruce, with whom he had been brought into daily and intimate contact all through the journey, followed her to the grave. These two events broke him down very much and, writing from Fox How, where he was staying with Mrs. Arnold, he says :—

"You will not wonder that I find life very dull, a burthen which I can bear cheerfully but which I would gladly lay down."

He left Oxford to go to the East, in the midst of a tempest about *Essays and Reviews*, and he had hardly got back there when this tempest was intensified by the publication of Bishop Colenso's first volume.

His steady defence of the Bishop of Natal was infinitely creditable to him, for it would have been difficult to have found in the year 1862 two distinguished Anglican

ecclesiastics whose intellects, tastes, and temperaments had less in common. Bishop Colenso was one of the most arithmetical, Dean Stanley one of the least arithmetical, of the reasoning creatures of God. The one seemed born to lead a regiment of grenadiers; the other, though dragged into strife by attacks upon himself and his friends, was essentially a man of peace; the one had a hard positive intelligence; the other the eye and the heart of a poet. They shared, in fact, no leading characteristics save the love of what appeared to each of them to be the truth, and the fact that on the tombs of both of them might with great propriety have been inscribed the words which were once used with reference to the great Italian, Gioberti: "Bienheureux ceux qui ont faim et soif de la justice, car ils seront rassasiés."

In some very interesting letters addressed to the Bishop which are reproduced in these volumes, Stanley brought out very clearly the totally different way in which they approached the study of the Old Testament. The Bishop, revolted by the absurdities of the old-fashioned methods of interpretation in which he had been brought up, had too much the air of one who was attacking the documents themselves which had been so foolishly interpreted, while Stanley, who had never paid much attention to the follies of popular expositors, only concerned himself with bringing out whatever of best and most beautiful he found or

thought he found in those venerable records. Yet when the cyclone burst, when the Metropolitan of Cape Town, who had exactly as much power to depose, censure, or to excommunicate Bishop Colenso as Bishop Colenso had to depose, censure, or to excommunicate him, affected to do so, Stanley throughout upheld the sound legal doctrine which was triumphantly vindicated by the Privy Council, the only tribunal which had a right to speak decisively on such a matter.

Not less creditable was his steady defence of the position of the Ritualists. With them he had even less sympathy, if possible, than he had with the Bishop of Natal, yet he steadily stood by them because, although their lights and vestments and postures said nothing important to him, and although he did not believe in some of the doctrines of which these things were the external signs, yet he considered that the great glory of the Anglican Communion was its width, or, in other words, that the wise compromise enforced by Elizabeth had enabled the Lion of Rome and the Bear of Geneva to lie down side by side, provided always they kept the peace towards each other.

His own views at this period are well set forth in three sermons, "On the Bible, its Form and Substance," which he published, and which unconsciously replied, from his point of view, to the questions raised by the Bishop of Natal, as did also the first volume of his *Lectures on the History of the*

Jewish Church. That work was not completed for many years, but I may say a word here about it.

It is unquestionably a delightful book, a book which everyone ought to read, and from which no one is likely to rise without a great many new and fruitful ideas. The author, however, is always thinking too much of the edification of his hearers, too little of merely representing the facts as they seem to him to have occurred. It is the Bible History seen under a painted window, and not by mere white light. Renan's *Histoire du Peuple d'Israël* may be erroneous in many particulars: the next century, or some still more distant century, may produce a much better book; but at least its author has approached his subject more as a narrator, much less as a teacher. It is in no way a "Tendenzschrift"; the other is. As if Stanley had not troubles enough already, he had soon to occupy himself with a direct attack which was made about this time upon one who, as I have already remarked, was almost his most intimate friend. Dr. Pusey, of whom Pio Nono said so well to Stanley in words originally used by Abraham à Santa Clara, that he was like a church bell, "Il sonne, il sonne, il sonne, mais il n'entre pas dans l'Eglise," had the folly in 1862 to league himself with two men, who had done their best in former days to crush him, with a view to prosecute Jowett for heresy in the Vice-Chancellor's Court at Oxford. This outrageous proceeding annoyed Stanley grievously,

until he convinced himself that the prosecutors would not be able to effect much It scandalised all reasonable men. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, probably about the most cautious of Liberal statesmen, sent a message to a young Member on his own side, asking him to bring in a Bill to quash the jurisdiction *pendente lite.* The person to whom he applied, sent back to say, that he would like to consult Stanley before taking so strong a measure. Stanley thought that it would be dangerous to do so, believing that the anti-Liberal Party would be strong enough to be able to substitute a more powerful Court of Heresy for a very weak one. This was communicated to Sir George Cornewall Lewis, who replied, "I should like to see the House of Commons institute a new Court of Heresy." Before, however, anything definite was done, the ridiculous instrument of oppression which had been set in motion against Jowett broke down, so to speak, by its own weight, and turned out to be as obsolete in law as it had all along been in reason.

In the year 1863, a good deal through Stanley's influence, the question of subscription was agitated in the House of Commons, and the foundation was laid for the settlement of 1865, which, imperfect as it was, has lasted to our own time.

Ever since the death of the Prince Consort, Stanley had been becoming more and more connected with the Court.

On 23rd December 1863, he married Lady Augusta Bruce; and in January 1864, he was installed as Dean of Westminster. This was the last of his great migrations. From the beginning of 1864 to his death, seventeen years afterwards, the Deanery at Westminster was his home, and, ably seconded by his wife, he did all that in him lay to make it a centre of good influences for rich and poor. Here, too, he suffered not a little from the "contradiction of sinners," but the Dean of Westminster has an exceptionally strong position, and silly or malignant people attacked him in vain. One of his first acts was to organise a series of sermons in the Abbey by the heads of the different ecclesiastical parties. Many responded to his call, but Dr. Pusey and Dr. Liddon both refused to do so at first, though the good feeling of the latter led him subsequently to accept the Dean's invitation. Stanley defended *Essays and Reviews* as well as Bishop Colenso in Convocation. He supported the Ritualists in the same assembly. He rejoiced in the acquittal of the High Church Mr. Bennett, who had been assailed by Low Church fanatics, almost as heartily as he did at the termination of the long and disgraceful attempt to prevent Jowett receiving his legitimate salary as Professor of Greek, and much more than he did at his own election, to be Select Preacher, in the teeth of a stupid, but numerous, opposition. He opened the Nave to the lectures of

eminent laymen, such as Professor Max Müller, and to eminent clergymen of other Protestant churches, such as Principal Tulloch of St. Andrews. He had Sebastian Bach's Passion Music performed as a portion of the Good Friday service. He encouraged the interment in the Abbey of many of the most distinguished Englishmen who died during his tenure of office. He restored the Chapter House, the cradle of the English Parliament. He acted as guide to many of the most noted Englishmen and foreigners who visited the historic institution over which he presided, and exerted himself to make it what it ought to be—the great rallying point for the affections of English-speaking men. Through all the early years of his life at Westminster he was unceasingly occupied with literary work. He laboured steadily at his *Lectures on Jewish History*, the second part appearing in 1865. He published his valuable *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, with sermons and articles innumerable.

In the controversy which was at its height in 1872-3 about the Athanasian Creed, he was perhaps less happily inspired than in most of his other combats. What he ought to have wished is precisely what has happened, namely, that this extraordinary and very interesting composition should be more and more regarded merely as a hymn, throwing a curious light into the period of *Europe's Middle Night*, from which it emanated, but having

as much to do with the actual beliefs of most at least of the laity, who join in chanting it, as it has with St. Athanasius. Its anathemas have in fact become, to the great majority of intelligent Churchgoers, exactly like those of Psalm cxxxvii. which are thought of as extremely natural in the mouths of those who sang it of old, by the Waters of Babylon, but as having no connection whatsoever with the circumstances of our own day.

The Dean's holidays were, as ever, spent much upon the Continent; but his marriage brought him into close relation with Scotland, and he passed a good deal of time there. To St. Andrews, of which he eventually became Lord Rector, he was especially attached and called it, in speaking to me, his "Second University." This closer connection with Scotland led to the composition of his *Lectures on the History of the Scottish Church*, and to an acquaintance, ripening in some cases into friendship, with many of the leading men in the Northern Establishment. The history of Scotland, lay and ecclesiastical, had always a great fascination for him. I remember his asking me, a good deal earlier in his life than the portion of which I am now writing, to introduce him to Mr. Robert Chambers as the man who knew most about Old Greyfriars at Edinburgh and its surroundings. His love for the principle of Establishment made him very kindly disposed towards the Establishment north of the Tweed, and impatient of the

affectation which makes some of the Scotch Episcopal clergy speak and write as if their own much-to-be-respected and indeed admirable body was the only Church in Scotland. "I am," he has sometimes said, only half in jest, "an Erastian of the Erastians." This love for the closest possible connection between Church and State, which he had learnt from Dr. Arnold, affected materially the course he took in the discussion which resulted in the fall of the Irish Church. He desired to endow at once the Catholics, the Presbyterians, and the Protestant Episcopalians, and no doubt that would have been far the best arrangement (at least as a temporary measure) if it could have been carried into effect at the beginning of this century; but long before 1869 it had become wildly, hopelessly impossible, and the statesmen who had to settle the question did the best they could. At least they wiped away one of the real grievances of Ireland, and the first maxim of the true Liberal Party, which was murdered by Mr. Gladstone in 1886, had always been: "Do not leave Ireland the ghost of a real grievance."

Among the more noticeable of the tours which he made during his first ten years at Westminster was one which took him to Vallombrosa, where he arrived, as he loved to tell, just at the moment that the monks were leaving it in procession, after its appropriation by the Italian Government. Another took him to various French country-houses; a third to

Ireland. These and many others were not only useful to him as freshening him for his work, but supplied the most constant and congenial food to his intelligence. During these years he also largely increased his acquaintance with remarkable people, and numerous new names appear in the pages of his biography. In 1874 he went again to Russia, this time on business—to celebrate the English portion of the marriage ceremony for the Duke of Edinburgh and his bride. Of this episode there is a very full account in the twenty-sixth chapter. The impressions which he gained on his former visit to Russia were deepened by this one, and in a certain sense it may be said to have been the summit-level of his life, not only from the exceptional character of its incidents and the splendour of its surroundings, but because his aspirations after a friendly understanding between widely disunited Churches then came nearer to fruition than they had ever done before. If, however, the summit was gilded, it was nevertheless the summit, and his good fortune rapidly declined from that time forward. His visit to St. Petersburg was immediately followed by the long illness of the wife whom he adored, and she was taken from him in 1876.

The work of the Committee for the Revision of the New Testament, in which he felt the deepest interest, was finished on his birthday, 13th December 1878. He still carried on all his duties and spent his life in eager, not to say feverish,

activity—lecturing, preaching, and writing a great variety of articles and some books. He continued his habit of travelling, and made one considerable journey in America, which is recounted by his biographer at some length. I asked him after his return what had struck him most on the other side of the Atlantic? "Well," he replied, "I think chiefly my own ignorance, and after that the extraordinary differences between the States; they are so much more like separate kingdoms than I had imagined." "Did you go to Niagara?" I enquired. "Yes," he replied. "You did not then take the view," I rejoined, "of our friend ——; I asked him when he first went to America if he would visit it? 'No,' he said, 'I would if it ran upwards!'" "Well, do you know," answered Stanley, "it really very nearly does, the rebound is so tremendous." How much impressed he was by that rebound, and how admirably he was able to use it will be seen by a passage from a speech delivered at the Century Club in New York, quoted in Vol. II., page 526. The publication of his *Christian Institutions* in the spring of 1881 was the last important event of his life, and a wise ecclesiastic in our day could hardly have desired to leave a better legacy behind him. Nothing then seemed to presage the coming of the end. Work went on as it always had done. His interest in public events remained unabated, and his marvellous memory was not in the slightest degree impaired. Towards the end of June he wrote to a

friend who was then going abroad, recalling the answers to questions bearing on the errand on which he was going, and which his correspondent had sent up to him in a Scholarship Examination at Oxford more than thirty-four years before. He might well add as he did, "How many waters have flowed under the bridge since then."

Before the close of the next month the sword had worn out its scabbard, and we had gathered from far and near to see him laid in the Great Abbey, to which he had become so deeply attached and about which he was always so anxious, for he told me that he was haunted by the fear that it would be burned down while he was in charge of it.[1]

. . . . . .

None of Stanley's books will survive as a whole, but, by some obvious methods, his direct influence will be extended far into the coming century, before the end of which we may expect to see his spirit, or in other words, the expressed essence of the Gospels, dominant in the Anglican Communion and far beyond its limits. In the twenty-first century it is surely not presumptuous to hope not only that the very remarkable saying of Thiers, quoted in a letter given in Volume II., p. 363, may be translated into fact: "I am of the religion of Henri IV. To become a Catholic

[1] In some paragraphs which followed I suggested the publication of more of Stanley's letters and of extracts from his books, but this having been done, they are now omitted.

and remain a Protestant, that is the real thing for mankind," but that the venerable feud of the "Filioque" may be healed, and the Unity of Christendom, at long last, be definitely established, not on the basis of guesses into the infinite, but on co-operation in "all things lovely and of good report."

MATTHEW ARNOLD

WHEN I had agreed to accept the honour which the managers of the Richmond Athenæum were good enough to propose to me, that, namely, I should deliver the Inaugural Address on this occasion, my first task was to determine about what I should speak to you. I reflected accordingly on the objects of your institution, and it seemed to me that these could be summed up in the improvement of the heart and of the head: in other words, in the promotion of sweetness and of light.

I asked myself then whether I could do better than choose as my subject the distinguished man, lately taken from us, whose name is so closely identified with that phrase —I mean Mr. Matthew Arnold; and thus it came about that his life and writings are the subject to which I invite your attention to-night.

He was the eldest son, as you all know, of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, who died in 1842, at a comparatively early age, after producing so remarkable an impression upon his own time.

The elder Arnold was far inferior to his son in that rarest gift of destiny to mortals which we call genius, but was soon carried into the foremost files of his age and country by a fervid and exalted character, by his very considerable talents as a writer, by his general ability, and by his possession of that strange power more valuable than genius itself to those whose lot it is to bear rule in any sphere —that power to which Goethe gave the name of "the daemonic," and which, so far as I know, has never been better designated.

He died, as I have said, early, and before, I am afraid, he fully appreciated the merits of his eldest son; perhaps indeed he never would have done so, for there was between their natures that kind of opposition which an irreverent but witty critic summed up in a single phrase when he described the younger man as "David the son of Goliath."

The mind, however, of Matthew Arnold, more widely sympathetic and more quick to appreciate merit of a kind very different from his own, did full justice to his father, as any may see who will read the noble poem entitled *Rugby Chapel*:—

> "O strong soul, by what shore
> Tarriest thou now? For that force
> Surely has not been left vain!
> Somewhere, surely afar,
> In the sounding labour-house vast
> Of being, is practised that strength,

Zealous, beneficent, firm!
Yes in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live
Prompt, unwearied, as here!
Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly repressest the bad!
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
Those who with half-open eyes
Tread the border-land dim
'Twixt vice and virtue, reviv'st,
Succourest! This was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth."

In Mr. Arnold's last year at Rugby he was a successful candidate for one of the Balliol Scholarships. With him was elected James Riddell, a man of exquisite nature, built on the lines of Keble, who died too soon for his fame and for his friends. These two, as they were at College, have been admirably described in one of the best poems of a contemporary at the University, long afterwards well known as Principal Shairp of St. Andrews:—

"Among that scholar band the youngest pair
In hall and chapel side by side were seen,
Each of high hopes and noble promise heir,
But far in thought apart—a world between;
The one wide-welcomed for a father's fame,
Entered with free, bold step that seemed to claim
Fame for himself, nor on another lean.

"So full of power, yet blithe and debonnair,
Rallying his friends with pleasant banter gay
Or half a-dream chaunting with jaunty air
Great words of Goethe, catch of Béranger
We see the banter sparkle in his prose,
But knew not then the undertone that flows
So calmly sad, through all his stately lay.

"The other of an ancient name, erst dear
To Border Hills, though thence too long exiled,
In lore of Hellas scholar without peer,
Reared in gray halls on banks of Severn piled:
Reserved he was, of few words and slow speech,
But dwelt strange power, that beyond words could reach
In that sweet face by no rude thought defiled."

When Mr. Arnold came to take his degree he had the fate which often befell men whose wide intellectual tastes seduced them from the regular curriculum, and missed his "first." Any disappointment which he may have felt on that score was abundantly made up for when in 1845 he was elected a Fellow of Oriel, the Common Room of which had for a long time been the most distinguished in Oxford, and the fountain from which issued that wonderful movement of 1833, which even those who most absolutely reject its historical and philosophical teaching must admit to have produced much good.

Many and varied were the influences which acted upon him during his Oxford time. There was the charm of the place, so well reflected in the finest piece of prose which it

has inspired,[1] and in one of his noblest poems in which he speaks of that

> "Sweet City with her dreaming spires,
> She needs not June for beauty's heightening."

There was the company of men like Clough, whom he has so admirably celebrated, and like Lord Coleridge who has so admirably celebrated him. There was the study of the classics, more especially of the Greek classics, and of the Bible, to both of which he remained constant till the end came.

There was Wordsworth a close neighbour at Fox How, where most of Arnold's vacations were spent. There was French literature, George Sand, and a host of others; there were Franklin and Emerson, and the Carlyle of middle life—not the worn old man whom some of us knew; there was Goethe, "Europe's sagest head"; and lastly there was Newman, who, although Arnold never belonged to his school of opinion, exerted over him that glamour which he has exercised over so many who belong to camps utterly distinct from his own.

I do not know precisely when Mr. Arnold came under the influence of M. de Sénancour's *Obermann*, which left such deep traces in his mind, but I suppose it was between 1844 and 1846.

In 1847 he left Oxford and became Private Secretary

[1] *Essays in Criticism.*

to Lord Lansdowne. In 1851 he married, and passing into the permanent Civil Service was made an Inspector of Schools under the Committee of the Privy Council. From 1851 onwards, his life had few events of the kind which judicious biographers care to lay before the public, with the large exception of the publication of his successive works, his appointment to the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, and various tours, most of them undertaken in connection with his official duties.

I am not aware whether he has left any account of these which could be published, as were the very interesting *Travelling Journals* of his father, but there are portions of the writings which he gave to the world, as, for instance, the sketch of the country round Nohant, in his paper on Madame Sand, published in *Mixed Essays*, which would lead one to expect them to be very delightful.

When we remember, however, that very much the larger portion of his time was given to official work, the wonder is that we have already so much from his pen. Although I followed his literary labours very closely from the time, now remote, when he published *The Strayed Reveller* up to his death, I confess I was not prepared to find that before I could feel justified in addressing you to-night, I had to look through or re-read so many volumes.

Mr. Arnold's writings are, I need hardly say, partly in prose and partly in poetry. I shall speak of his prose works

first. These deal mainly with four great subjects—Education, Politics, Religion, and Literature.

The educational works need not detain us long. They are for the most part addressed primarily to specialists, and what their author had to say in them of general interest is repeated, for the most part, in compositions from his hand which belong to the other three classes. He believed in the virtue of the maxim, "Line upon line, precept upon precept," almost as much as did Dr. Chalmers, who, when some one complained to him of his iteration, replied in his strong Scotch accent:—"*Iterashion! Iterashion!* Why all I ever did in the world has been done by *Iterashion*?"

Mr. Arnold's Reports on Elementary Schools, from 1852 to 1882, buried till recently in Blue Books, were, in so far as they dealt with matters of enduring importance, republished last year under the editorship of Sir Francis Sandford, who was so long the permanent head of the Department of Education. However valuable to persons engaged in primary instruction these may be, they are not likely to be much read outside that circle; but it must be observed that the older ones were written more than a generation ago, and deserve the credit due to pioneering.

His report on the Popular Education of France, with notices of that of Holland and Switzerland, was republished in 1861. A most timely contribution it was to the educational discussions which were then going on, and eagerly

was his assistance welcomed by some who were engaged in them. The book has still more than an historical interest; but nearly thirty years have passed away and many things are changed. Its author afterwards reprinted the introduction, under the name of *Democracy*, amongst his *Mixed Essays*. It is suggestive; but I think there is a page, near the end of the report itself, fully as good as anything the introduction contains. That page has not, so far as I know, been reprinted, and well deserves quotation :—

"For a certain part of its education, undoubtedly, the English people is sufficient to itself. In the air of England, in the commerce of his countrymen, there is for every Englishman an education which is without a parallel in the world, and which I am the last to undervalue. If I do not extol it, it is because every one in England appreciates it duly. This education of a people governments neither give nor take away. This it receives not by the disposition of legislators, but by the essential conditions of its own being. But there are some things which neither in England nor in any other country can the mass of a people have by nature, and these things government can give it. They can give it those simple, but invaluable and humanising acquirements, without which the finest race in the world is but a race of splendid barbarians. Above all, governments, in giving these, may at the same time educate a people's reason, a people's equity. These are not the qualities which the masses develop for themselves.

"Obstinate resistance to oppression, omnipotent industry, heroic valour, all these may come from below upwards; but unprejudiced intelligence, but equitable moderation — never. If, then, the State disbelieves in reason, when will reason reach the mob?

"In England the State is perhaps inclined to admit too readily its powerlessness as inevitable. It too readily resigns itself to believe that there exists in the country no such thing as a party of reason, capable of upholding a government which should boldly throw itself upon it for support. Perhaps such a party exists, perhaps it is stronger than governments think. No doubt the State has in this country to confront, when it attempts to act, great suspicion, great jealousy."

A *French Eton* is the not very descriptive title given to a singularly bright and pleasant little book published in the early "sixties," which is essentially a pleading in favour of a cause which Mr. Arnold had ever much at heart—the improvement of the schools frequented by the Middle Classes. These he considered to be in a deplorable condition, much worse than even the schools frequented by the wealthier classes. He took for the text of this most judicious appeal a visit which he had paid, shortly before penning it, to the Lyceum of Toulouse, and to the great school of Sorèze, then presided over by the famous Dominican Orator Lacordaire.

A report which he made, as a result of a journey of about seven months, in the year 1865, upon the schools and Universities of France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, has also been published. I have not read it, but the portion of the book which referred to Germany has been re-printed in a more convenient form, and has much in it that will be new to all who are not well acquainted with the educational

system of that country. Its lessons for this country were pressed home by its author in a preface to the first edition, a still longer one to the second, and in a general conclusion, better I think where they deal with education proper or with religion than when they diverge into politics. Mr. Arnold made yet another short journey to enquire into matters connected with primary education in Germany. I have not seen his report of that expedition, but I owed to it a letter containing a brief but vivid account of a parliamentary duel at which he chanced to assist, between Bismarck and the Ultramontane champion Windhorst. The latter he put very high as a debater; to the former he did not give much praise, in that behalf; but he was much impressed with the weight and authority with which he addressed the Reichstag.

In some other countries a man who had such a grasp of educational methods, in his own and other lands, combined with so much official experience and general power, would have been considered an inevitable Minister of Public Instruction. To say that such an appointment would have been wildly impossible in England is merely to say that our boasted political machinery can hardly be said to have right reason for its motive force. If we had once got Mr. Arnold into the House of Commons we might have sent him to the War Office as Minister of Public Destruction; or to the Board of Works as Minister of Public Construction; but to

the Education Office as Minister of Public Instruction, Never! Never! Never!

In the second class of Mr. Arnold's writings I place the works which treat of politics. Of these the one to which I recur with least interest is *Friendship's Garland*, published in 1871; but made up to a large extent of letters which appeared at an earlier period. It contains many just remarks and a good deal of amusing satire; but it is so full of allusions which were of the moment momentary, that even one who lived in the midst of the political *mêlée* of those times has a difficulty in recalling persons and things so long dead and buried. Few reasonable critics are likely to find in it "the bias of anti-patriotism" which some have thought they discovered. It was the object of the writer to bring home to his countrymen some of their shortcomings, and he naturally enlarged on these in a way which would have been altogether out of place if his intention had been to give a strictly correct portraiture, dwelling as much on the lights as on the shades. Mr. Arnold could not, if he wished it, have painted as faithful a picture of the respective merits and defects of ourselves and our nearest neighbours as Mr. Hamerton has lately done in his excellent book called *French and English* (the publication of which amounts to a real political good action), for this simple reason, that for one commonplace individual whom he had come across in France, he had, thanks to the accidents of his life, come

across two hundred in England. On the Continent, Mr. Arnold knew very few persons save those who are naturally thrown in the way of a distinguished Englishman provided with good introductions. I think the pith of what he had to say in *Friendship's Garland* was very well put in the following sentence which I take from a letter which he addressed to me in the end of 1884, while I was at Madras :—

"You will come back to an England where thoughts are current and things are discussed, which were not current or discussed when you went away; and perhaps in our present difficulties we are paying the inevitable penalty for our inhospitality to ideas while they are still ideas only."

I come next to *Culture and Anarchy*. If that book were a new one and had to be reviewed now, a variety of observations would have to be made with regard to it, not altogether of an eulogistic character. Happily, however, that is not so. It is twenty years since it was given to the public, and there is nothing now worth doing in connection with it, but to point out how it can be useful. No man who had been engaged in active political life would have written it, if even he could have done so; but no politician has lived in our days who has not, or would not have, gained by reading it. How suggestive it is! How many valuable ideas it made current! There is the distinction between Hebraism and Hellenism, both excellent in their way, each requiring the aid of the other. There is the division of our

society into Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace—a division needing, as all rough-and-ready divisions do, great modifications and limitations, yet in the main correct. There is the truth which wants to be continually insisted upon now, quite as much as in 1869, that protest and disagreement in the field of religious thought, however necessary they may be in particular times and circumstances, are as far as possible from being good in themselves. There is the phrase to which I alluded at the commencement of this address, "Sweetness and Light," borrowed from Swift, but re-issued to us by him of whom I am speaking. There are well-merited denunciations of the weakness, a weakness more apparent now than in 1869, which allows Anarchy to reign in our streets whenever a sufficient number of professional demagogues and professional philanthropists believe it to be for their joint interest that there should be an outburst of mob-violence.

Lastly, for I must not linger too long on any one book, there is the explanation of what real culture, the only one worth talking about, means:—

"We will not stickle," he says, "for a name, and the name of culture one might easily give up, if only those who decry the frivolous and pedantic sort of culture, but wish at bottom for the same things as we do, would be careful on their part, not, in disparaging and discrediting the false culture, to unwittingly disparage and discredit, among a people with little natural reverence for it, the true also. But what we are concerned for

is the thing, not the name ; and the thing, call it by what name we will, is simply the enabling ourselves by getting to know, whether through reading, observing or thinking, the best that can at present be known in the world, to come as near as we can to the firm, intelligible law of things, and thus to get a basis for a less confused action and a more complete perfection than we have at present."

Mr. Arnold had, like all men of sense, who can condone his Indian follies, a great admiration for Burke, and did a useful work in editing a volume of that gifted man's letters, speeches, and tracts on Irish affairs ; but his own essays on Irish subjects, although they contain of course much that is true, give us but little help in our present difficulties. The best of them is not contained in the volume called *Irish Essays*, but is that entitled *Irish Catholicism and British Liberalism*, included amongst *Mixed Essays*. I commend to your careful study the passage, too long to quote in its entirety (but of which a portion will be quoted later on), lying between the words, "But when Ultramontanism," on page 118, down to the words, "materialising them," on page 121.

In the third class of Mr. Arnold's writings I put those which deal mainly with religion, incidentally also with theology, but only incidentally. He left that science for the most part to persons whose profession obliges, or is supposed to oblige, them to make a profound study of it. Looking at these high matters, from the point of view of an

educated layman, he endeavoured to bring into prominence the paramount importance of right action. I suppose most people, who think at all, will agree with him, however highly they may rate the importance of orthodoxy, going perhaps even a step or two in that direction beyond the Oxford undergraduate, who, questioned as to the respective value of faith and works, replied that "faith was all-important; but that a few good works added to it would do no harm."

Although, however, the view which is at the root of all Mr. Arnold's religious writings is likely to find very general acceptance, there will be in every mixed assembly a hundred different views as to many of the collateral doctrines which he advances, and a hundred more as to his facts and illustrations. That being so, I need hardly say that I shall not either support or oppose any one of them, but only indicate very briefly the drift of his various religious works.

Of Mr. Arnold's writings on religious subjects, the one entitled *St. Paul and Protestantism* is the first which I shall mention. Its chief object is to controvert the opinion expressed by M. Renan that "after having been for three hundred years, thanks to Protestantism, the Christian Doctor *par excellence*, St. Paul is now coming to an end of his reign." Mr Arnold's view is precisely the opposite: he considers that certain forms of Protestantism which have used and abused St. Paul are coming to an end: but he throughout tries to show that St. Paul's doctrine was very

different from that which has been usually connected in the last three centuries with that famous name. He goes, indeed, so far as to maintain that:—

"The doctrine of Paul will arise out of the tomb where for centuries it has lain covered; it will edify the Church of the future, it will have the consent of happier generations, the applause of less superstitious ages."

Far be it from me to express an opinion here as to which of the two is right, the great Frenchman or the great Englishman. That is the secret of the future; but I may mention, in passing, a curious incident which came back to my mind, as I was reading the book of which I am speaking, a short time ago.

I was travelling some seventeen years since in the Troad with two friends, one of whom was the late Mr. Greg, the author of *Enigmas of Life* and the *Creed of Christendom*. I happened to have with me M. Renan's *Life of St. Paul*, and one evening at Alexandria Troas—a place as you will remember which was the scene of a very important event in the life of the Apostle (see Acts xvi.)—I read the last chapter aloud to my companions. In his concluding paragraph, M. Renan points out the fact that although the influence of St. Paul has been great in some parts of Christendom, it has faded entirely from those countries in which he chiefly laboured. The final words are:—"Humanity, you are sometimes right, and certain of your

judgments are just." No sooner had I pronounced these words than the cry of the Muezzin came as a sort of "Amen" from a minaret hard by, testifying to the fact that not Paul but Mahomet was the prophet who ruled in those regions.

Literature and Dogma, which appeared in 1873, is a far superior work, and one which few indeed can study, whether they agree with its conclusions or not, without learning a good deal. Its keynote is struck by the following words :—

"To understand that the language of the Bible is fluid, passing, and literary, not rigid, fixed, and scientific, is the first step towards a right understanding of the Bible. But to take this very first step some experience of how men have thought and expressed themselves, and some flexibility of spirit, are necessary."

Strewn all through this book are passages or single sentences which many will be inclined to rate the higher the more they think of them, such for instance as this :—

"And so when we are asked, 'What is the object of religion?' let us reply, 'Conduct.' And when we are asked further, 'What is Conduct?' let us answer, 'Three-fourths of life.'"

And again :—

"The true meaning of religion is thus not simply *morality*, but *morality touched by emotion*. And this new elevation and inspiration of morality is well marked by the word 'righteous-

ness.' Conduct is the word of common life; morality is the word of philosophical disquisition; righteousness is the word of religion."

Yet again:—

"In religion, above all, extra belief[1] is in itself no matter assuredly for blame. The object of religion is conduct; and if a man helps himself in his conduct by taking an object of hope and presentiment as if it were an object of certainty, he may even be said to gain thereby an advantage. And yet there is always a drawback to a man's advantage in thus treating, in religion and conduct, what is extra belief, and not certain, as if it were matter of certainty, and in making it his ground of action, *he pays for it.* The time comes when he discovers that it is not certain; and then the whole certainty of religion seems discredited and the basis of conduct gone."

I might go on citing passages of equal importance for the next hour. In the course of re-reading the book for the purposes of this address I marked about forty; but I cannot afford to dwell longer upon it. Those who approach it with a desire to find fault can easily do so; there are pages which might well be omitted, but even for such critics, if they are persons of good faith, it will be instinct with light.

In 1875, Mr. Arnold replied to some of the critics of *Literature and Dogma*, in a book called *God and the Bible*, in the preface to which he says:—

[1] Aberglaube.

"*Literature and Dogma* had altogether for its object, and so too has the present work, to show the truth and necessity of Christianity, and its power and charm for the heart, mind, and imagination of man, even though the preternatural, which is now its popular sanction, should have to be given up. To show this, was the end for which both books were written."

With a view to effect his object he combats the popular theology which he finds wanting in "intellectual seriousness"; great scholars like Baur, who he thinks deal too much in conjecture, and writers like the late Professor Clifford, of whom he says:—

"Only when one is young and headstrong can one thus prefer bravado to experience, can one stand by the Sea of Time, and instead of listening to the solemn and rhythmical beat of its waves, choose to fill the air with one's own whoopings to start the Echo."

A treatise so essentially controversial does not appeal to nearly so large a public as the book which is defended by it, and I am very glad that it was not it, but its immediate predecessor, which Mr. Arnold gave to me with the inscription "In memory of Obermann." Here, I think, is a fair specimen of the way in which he deals in *God and the Bible*, at once with the tiresome people who believe religion to consist in chopping logic about metaphysical subtleties, and those others who, wearied with the din of all that smithery, become the enemies of religion itself:—

"And perhaps we may have been enabled to make this clear to ourselves and others, because we, having no talent for abstruse reasoning and being known to have none, were not ashamed, when we were confronted by propositions about essence and existence, and about infinite substance having undoubtedly more objective reality than finite substance, we were not ashamed, I say, instead of assenting with a solemn face to what we did not understand, to own that we did not understand, and to seek humbly for the meaning of the little words at the bottom of it all; and so the futility of all the grand superstructure was revealed to us. If the German philosopher, who writes to us from Texas reproaching us with wasting our time over the Bible and Christianity, 'which are certainly' says he, 'disappearing from the heart and mind of the cultured world,' and calling us to the study of the great Hartmann, will allow us to quote the Bible yet once more, we should be disposed to say that here is a good exemplification of that text:—*Mansueti declectabuntur;* The meek-spirited shall be refreshed."

In England, *Literature and Dogma* was treated, by a good many of those who wrote about it, as rather daring, and even revolutionary in its criticism. Far different was its reception upon the continent of Europe, where it attracted attention — somewhat as the owl is said to do in the sunlight — as something emerging from the realms of darkness and out-worn superstition. Professor de Gubernatis, an Italian of very great intelligence and learning, remarked:—

"It is strange that the human genius should take pleasure in combating in such narrow lists, with such treacherous ground

under one's feet, with such a cloudy sky over one's head; and all this in the name of freedom of discussion! What would the author of *Literature and Dogma* say," concluded Professor de Gubernatis, "if Plato had based his *Republic* upon a text of Hesiod?"

By this the learned Sanscritist meant to hint that the Bible was of no more use as the basis of human life than the Theogony of the Bœotian poet. It was chiefly with a view to oppose this opinion that Mr. Arnold wrote his *Last Essays on Church and Religion*, which appeared in 1877, but not less was he careful to mark the distinction between his own ideas and the ideas of those who attached, as he would have put it, more value to extra belief than to conduct, or who were unable to see that a great many doctrines which have been accepted by all Churches are going like snow before the sun of June.

The same idea underlies all the five papers of which the book is composed; the most interesting part of which is perhaps that entitled "Psychological Parallels," intended to show how even the ablest men live in the moral and intellectual atmosphere of their generation, and may make grievous mistakes about matters of moment without forfeiting their character for ability and good sense.

For Oxford men the two papers on Bishop Butler, delivered as lectures at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, will have very special interest. The last two, though quite worth reading, are of less value.

Near the end of the book, however, on its last page, save one, is a single sentence which will probably be oftener quoted towards the end of the next century than it is likely to be now :—

"A Catholic Church, transformed, is, I believe, the Church of the future."

The same idea is expanded near the end of the Preface, in a very memorable passage :—

"I believe, then, that the real God, the real Jesus, will continue to command allegiance, because we do in fact 'belong to them.' I believe that Christianity will survive because of its natural truth. Those who fancied that they had done with it, those who had thrown it aside because what was presented to them under its name was so unreceivable, will have to return to it again, and to learn it better. The Latin nations—even the southern Latin nations—will have to acquaint themselves with that fundamental document of Christianity, the Bible, and to discover wherein it differs from a 'text of Hesiod.' Neither will the old forms of Christian worship be extinguished by the growth of a truer conception of their essential contents. Those forms, thrown out at dimly grasped truth, approximative and provisional representations of it, and which are now surrounded with such an atmosphere of tender and profound sentiment, will not disappear. They will survive as poetry. Above all, among the Catholic nations will this be the case. And, indeed, one must wonder at the fatuity of the Roman Catholic Church, that she should not herself see what a future there is for her here. Will there never arise among Catholics some great soul to perceive that the eternity and universality, which is vainly claimed for Catholic dogma, and the Ultramontane system, might really be possible for Catholic worship? But to

rule over the moment and the credulous has more attraction than to work for the future and the sane.

"Christianity, however, will find the ways for its own future. What is certain is, that it will not disappear. Whatever progress may be made in science, art, and literary culture—however much higher, more general, and more effective than at present, the value for them may become—Christianity will be still there as what these rest against and imply; as the indispensable background, the *three-fourths of life*. It is true while the remaining fourth is ill cared for, the three-fourths themselves must also suffer with it."

Mr. Arnold thought that it was not by insisting on the adhesion of the faithful to a series of wild guesses in the realm of the unknown, dignified by the name of dogmas, that the Catholic or any other Church would retain its hold over mankind. To use his own words:—

"But when Ultramontanism, Sacerdotalism, and Superstition are gone, Catholicism is not, as some may suppose, gone too. Neither is it left with nothing further but what it possesses in common with all the forms of Christianity,—the curative power of the word, character and influence of Jesus. It is, indeed, left with this, which is the root of the matter, but it is left with a mighty power besides. It is left with the beauty, the richness, the poetry, the infinite charm for the imagination, of its own age—long growth, a growth such as we have described, unconscious, popular, profoundly rooted, all enveloping."

In pursuance of his idea of making the study of the Bible more useful and fruitful than it often is, Mr. Arnold published early in the "seventies" a little book called *The Great Prophesy of Israel's Restoration.*

This was intended for schools, and consists of the last seven-and-twenty chapters of what is misleadingly printed in our Bible as if it were the work of one person, and called the Book of Isaiah.

Some ten or eleven years ago I spoke of this little book in an address delivered here in Richmond, at the "Star and Garter," with reference to which Mr. Arnold sent me a very interesting letter, in which he said that he had undertaken it with a good deal of hope, but that it had produced very little result. I do not know if that account of the matter would still hold good, but if it be so, it is an ugly blot on the scutcheon of those whose business it is to promote the intelligent reading of the Bible in schools.

Some years later, Mr. Arnold published another work closely allied to this, but treating of the earlier portion of Isaiah. It was not addressed, however, to the same persons as the other, but intended rather to be a companion to the revised version of the Old Testament. Summarising his intentions, near the end of the introduction, he says:—

"First, we must respect not in profession only, but in deed and in truth, the wording and rhythm of the old version. Secondly, we must know the historical situation, and our sense of that situation, and of Isaiah's own powerful and characteristic line of prophesy, will be greatly enhanced if, thirdly, we separate from the Book of Isaiah one large work now appended to it, and several short works now mixed up with

it; and if we then, disregarding the division into chapters, read what remains as one continued whole, made up of seven successive pieces, as follows: Prelude, Calamities for Judah, Vision, Immanuel, The Burdens, The Woes, Sennacherib. To publish their Isaiah with this arrangement is not possible for the company of revisers, however successful may be their translation of him. And therefore I have thought that the present volume might be useful."

If any one asks, "Will these political and theological writings live?" the answer must be, I think, in the negative. Detached passages will live where something true has been exceptionally well said, and it would be desirable that a volume of such extracts as are likely to stand the test of time should be soon put together. The bulk of them, however, will die, some because the wisdom of one generation is apt to become the commonplace of the next but one, and partly because many of the opinions which Mr. Arnold combated, as of the persons whom he quizzed, will be the very shades of shadows even to our grandchildren. Something too must be deducted from all, on account of mannerisms and repetitions, and something, especially from the political writings, on account of crotchets. Still, for the next thirty years, unless the world moves very fast indeed, even the most highly educated English-speaking men and women will have something to learn from many parts of them, and that outside those pages to which I think a long existence is secured.

In the fourth class of his prose writing I put the works in which he deals with literature proper. In this field he was stronger than in politics or in the border-land between politics and philosophy. Compare his sureness of touch, for example, in his *Mixed Essays*, first collected, I think, in 1879, when he is writing of George Sand as a novelist, or of Milton and Goethe, with his lecture on Equality, delivered at the Royal Institution. Even the paper on Falkland, the best political or quasi-political one in that volume, is blemished by rash judgments about matters which he had not fully studied. Still, what is really important in examining any man's work is not to count his mistakes, but to number up his merits, to point out what he has left that is good and useful to mankind. And how many of Mr. Arnold's mistakes are outweighed twenty times over by the admirable concluding paragraph of that essay, very interesting in itself, doubly interesting, because if I were asked to point out the finest page I remember his father ever to have written, I should point to one in his *Lectures on Modern History*, a page, which though written well-nigh fifty years ago, has the most remarkable bearing upon the events of our own time; that which closes with the words:—"And such a martyr was Falkland." It is too long to quote and comes too near to burning political questions, even if it were shorter, to be properly quoted by me in this place: but here are the words

of the son, to which the same objection in no way applies :—

"But let us return to Falkland—to our martyr of sweetness and light, of lucidity of mind and largeness of temper. Let us bid him farewell, not with compassion for him and not with excuses, but in confidence and pride. Slowly, very slowly, his ideal of lucidity of mind and largeness of temper conquers, but it conquers. In the end it will prevail; only we must have patience. The day will come when this nation will be renewed by it. But, O lime-trees of Tew and quiet Oxfordshire field-banks where the first violets are even now raising their heads! How often ere that day arrive for Englishmen shall your renewal be seen!"

Probably Mr. Arnold's best performance in criticism was the first series of his essays. Several of the papers contained in this volume will, I should think, long continue to be admired. Amongst the best is that on Marcus Aurelius, whilst the most notable of all was probably the one on Joubert. Most notable, I say, because in addition to being an excellent bit of literary work it was also a literary event, in that it made not a few people, by no means ignorant of Continental literature, familiar for the first time with the name and merits of one who has been to some of them, ever since, a beloved companion. To this volume belongs likewise the credit of first making generally known in England the beautiful diary of Eugénie de Guérin, but her name was, so far as I know, first made familiar to some on this side of the Channel, long before

Mr. Arnold's article appeared, by another Fellow of Oriel, Mr. Charles Pearson, who, after writing the history of the Early Ages of England, went to help to make, in the capacity of a singularly wise and well-informed Minister of Public Instruction, the early history of Australasia. He it was who having fallen in, I think at Alençon, with the book then only printed privately, disposed his English friends eagerly to welcome it when it first came amongst us.

Another paper full of sane criticism admirably expressed is that on Heinrich Heine. Personally I should not have spoken of that eminent man as a continuator of the work of Goethe; they were too unlike for that, but I can hardly understand the fury with which Mr. Carlyle received the statement that he was such. I remember being present at the house of the sage of Chelsea when the conversation turned upon Mr. Arnold, who, by-the-bye, in the very paper I am dealing with, has spoken very justly and wisely of him. First, he tore Mr. Arnold to pieces for his unfortunate phrase about Heine being the continuator of the work of Goethe; then having excited himself sufficiently, he turned upon Heine and wound up his tirade by declaring that gifted but wayward child of Israel to be a "filthy, fetid sausage of spoilt victuals." All this did not mean much more than that he heartily disliked, at least for the time, the object of his denunciation. Posterity will never do

Mr. Carlyle justice if it does not lay to heart that neither as a writer nor as a talker is he to be taken altogether seriously. Frequently, of course, he was very serious; read for instance his paper on the death of Goethe, not surpassed I think by any pages he ever wrote; but constantly he was not wholly serious, and the injudicious friends who treat him as a prophet are the worst enemies of his richly-deserved, but of late rather blotted, fame.

Excellent specimens of Mr. Arnold's critical powers are likewise the two essays on Byron and Wordsworth prefixed to his selections from these authors, whom he considered to stand out by themselves, believing that "when the year 1900 is turned and our nation comes to recount her poetic glories in the century which has just then ended, the first names with her must be these."

He placed Wordsworth's poetry on the whole above that of Byron. Whether his long association with the scenes where that great man spent so much of his life had something to do with his estimate or not, is an enquiry on which I need not enter now.

Mr. Arnold's *Discourses in America* were given partly to literature, partly to politics. The most important of them —that on Emerson—puts him very high indeed, too high I should say, above Carlyle, for example. Mr. Arnold indeed considered, for a moment only I hope, Mr. Emerson's writings to be the most important prose work done in

English in this century. That is a hard saying. I wonder if the most highly educated Americans would subscribe to it.

I could not find anything in Emerson's prose which I should even put alongside the *Hyperion* of his friend and neighbour Longfellow—a delightful work, which has surely of late years slipped too much out of notice on this side of the Atlantic.

As a lecturer Emerson must have produced astonishing effects, no doubt; but I do not remember that Mr. Arnold ever heard him lecture. President Garfield told my informant that he heard a lecture from Emerson which was the beginning of his intellectual life. It affected him so powerfully that when he came out of the room in which it was delivered the whole mountain which rose over the town seemed to be on fire. Yet when he was asked what he remembered of it, the only sentence that came to his mind was something to this effect: "Mankind is as indolent as it dares to be." Even as far back as my Oxford days, Emerson's works when merely read, did not produce anything like this effect upon my mind. Stimulating and fresh I found them, but nothing more. As a critic, Mr. Arnold has been compared to Sainte-Beuve, for whom he had a great admiration, and who spoke of him to me with much respect. He had no doubt some of the merits of that eminent man, with a total absence of his moral

defects. Mr. Arnold's method, however, was very different, and to my thinking not so good. The method indeed of Sainte-Beuve, seems to me quite perfect, and he gave to criticism the kind of continuous and all-engrossing toil which a Q.C. in immense practice gives to his profession. Towards the latter part of his life indeed, before he became a Senator, I have reason to think that he gave more, and that he found his labours terribly wearing. Mr. Arnold's critical papers were merely essays written in the intervals of business, and, excellent as they are, would probably have been better, as well as more numerous, if he had been able to devote a larger part of his energies to them. Of English critics, the one I have known who most resembled Sainte-Beuve in the immense labour with which he hunted up the details of his subjects, was certainly Mr. Abraham Hayward.

The second series of *Essays in Criticism*, though interesting, have not, I think, the brightness of the first. One paper in the volume, that upon Shelley, has been considered in some quarters to be unduly severe. Without expressing any opinion upon that subject I may mention that Mr. Arnold proposed, as will be seen presently, to write another paper upon Shelley, in which I doubt not all the brighter lights would have been put in which might, in the opinion of reasonable admirers of Shelley, be required to complete the picture.

Mr. Arnold's lectures on translating Homer, and the preface to *Merope*, dealing with Greek Tragedy, are the productions of a man who was a supreme master of the subjects which he discussed. On the other hand, his book on Celtic literature, pleasant and instructive though it be, is avowedly, to use a happy phrase of his own, "upon a different plane." An excellent sample of his criticism is the essay prefixed to the four volumes of English poetry, edited by his connection Mr. Ward. So is the paper on Gray, to whom Mr. Arnold himself has been, with only superficial felicity, compared. Assuredly no man could say of him what he said so truly of Gray, "that he never spoke out."

Mr. Arnold's great and abiding importance for the world, is based, however, not upon his prose but upon his poetry. It is often said that it appeals only to a limited circle of readers, and that to the great mass which can enjoy, for example, such poems as *Marmion* or a fine ballad, it says just nothing at all. It is a great privilege thoroughly to enjoy *Marmion* and a fine ballad, but it is a greater one to enjoy *Marmion* and a fine ballad and Mr. Arnold's poems into the bargain. If the enormous machinery of education which has been called into existence in the last thirty years is producing any real effect on the national appreciation of literature, I should be led to augur that the readers of Mr. Arnold's poetry will be far more numerous thirty years

hence than they were in his lifetime. The phase of thought which gave birth to most of these poems is one which, confined at first to a limited number of minds, has been and is spreading rapidly. It may be that the very circumstance which secures them, as I think, a largely increased circle of readers for some time to come, may militate against their permanent hold on the nation. It has been pointed out with much truth that one reflective poet after another, who has held the field for a considerable period, has ceased to interest, and lives only in the memory of a few scholars. That is so, but Mr. Arnold has the advantage over many of these, alike in ancient and in modern times, that he affirms nothing, except the duty of right action. I should be glad to think that a time is coming when thoughtful men will have found some definite answer to the obstinate questionings which beset Mr. Arnold; but I cannot say that just at present the omens are very propitious. Time will, however, make all speculations as to Mr. Arnold's enduring fame superfluous; so for the moment we may best spend our time in considering what his poems are.

I shall refer throughout to the edition of 1885, and it may be most convenient to follow the poet's own classification. I take then, first, the poems which are classed by him as Early, and occupy the first part of the first volume. Of these *Mycerinus*, *Requiescat*, and a *Memory-Picture* are each in its way quite exquisite, while the last part of the *Church*

of Brou has hardly, I think, been surpassed by anything Mr. Arnold has written. It is so perfect that it loses nothing by a visit to the real church of Brou, which is as about unlike in situation and character to that which Mr. Arnold imagined it, as it well could be.

"So rest, for ever rest, O princely Pair!
In your high church, 'mid the still mountain air
Where horn, and hound, and vassals, never come.
Only the blessed Saints are smiling dumb,
From the rich painted windows of the nave,
On aisle, and transept, and your marble grave;
Where thou, young Prince! shalt never more arise
From the fringed mattress where thy Duchess lies,
On Autumn mornings, when the bugle sounds,
And ride across the drawbridge with thy hounds
To hunt the boar in the crisp woods till eve;
And thou, O Princess! shalt no more receive,
Thou and thy ladies, in the hall of state,
The jaded hunters with their bloody freight,
Coming benighted to the Castle gate.
So sleep, for ever sleep, O marble Pair!
Or let it be on Autumn nights, when rain
Doth rustlingly above your heads complain
On the smooth leaden roof, and on the walls.
Shedding her pensive light at intervals
The Moon through the clerestory windows shines,
And the wind washes through the mountain pines.
Then, gazing up 'mid the dim pillars high,
The foliaged marble forest where ye lie,
'Hush,' ye will say, 'It is eternity!
This is the glimmering verge of Heaven, and these

The columns of the heavenly palaces!'
And, in the sweeping of the wind, your ear
The passage of the Angel's wing will hear,
And on the lichen-crusted leads above
The rustle of the eternal rain of love.
Or, if ye wake, let it be then, when fair
On the carved western front a flood of light
Streams from the setting sun, and colours bright,
Prophets, transfigured Saints, and martyrs brave,
In the vast western window of the nave;
And on the pavement round the Tomb there glints
A chequer-work of glowing sapphire tints,
And amethyst, and ruby—then unclose
Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
And from your broider'd pillows lift your heads,
And rise upon your cold white marble beds;
And, looking down on the warm rosy tints,
Which chequer, at your feet, the illumined flints,
Say, 'What is this? We are in bliss—forgiven—
Behold the pavement of the Courts of Heaven!'"

In the next division, that of the narrative poems, I should put *Tristram and Iseult* first, but the *Forsaken Merman* comes very near it.

Among the sonnets at the end of the first volume, most of which are good, and good sonnets are not abundant, I should give the palm to *Monica's Last Prayer*, the finest sonnet I think Mr. Arnold ever wrote; but one or two of those printed amongst the Early poems are also most remarkable. Most so perhaps is the second:—

"Who prop thou asks't in these bad days my mind."

In the second volume Mr. Arnold put first his Lyric, secondly his Elegiac poems. It is very difficult to make a choice amongst the former, and I have great hesitation in doing so; but I will venture, for the consideration of those who are reading Mr. Arnold for the first time, to recommend especially the fifth and seventh, *To Marguerite*, *Dover Beach*, *The Buried Life*, and *Calais Sands*.

As for the elegiac poems, they are with one or two exceptions quite in the front rank of all Mr. Arnold's works; I will go further, and say that the *Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse*, the two long poems of which *Obermann* is the principal subject, *A Southern Night* and *Thyrsis* seem to me to be in the first rank of English poetry. *Thyrsis* would not have been written if Milton had not given us *Lycidas*, and the great poet of the seventeenth century deserves some of the credit of his successor's work; but to me, at least, the ring of *Lycidas* is less true than that of *Thyrsis*, and Lord Coleridge has reminded us that the subject of the former was not a personal friend of the author, whilst Clough was united to Mr. Arnold by the intimacy of a life.

The spell which *Obermann* exercised over him was, as I have already hinted, a most important element in Mr. Arnold's mental development; but there was a period during which that remarkable book, which appeared in 1804, had an extraordinary influence over not a few. M.

Sainte-Beuve gives a curious list in his *Portraits Contemporains* of the distinguished persons who came under its charm. Nevertheless, a little later in the century it had become quite a difficult book to get, and somewhere about 1861 I had the greatest trouble in possessing myself of a very battered second-hand copy. I think it has been reprinted since, and in this decade of pessimism ought to have more readers than I imagine it has. Altogether, apart from the ground tone of its philosophy, which was not that of the concluding years either of its author or of Mr. Arnold, it is well worth the study of those who like such works as *Amiel's Journal*, a book almost better, by the way, in English than in French, so admirably has it been translated by Mr. Arnold's niece, the far-famed authoress of *Robert Elsmere*.

In the third volume are placed the dramatic or semi-dramatic pieces, very remarkable as intellectual efforts and with extremely fine things scattered through them, but labouring under the disadvantage that to enjoy them men must have drunk very deep at Grecian fountains. *Merope*, the drama which has excited perhaps least general interest, is an extremely careful and conscientious bit of work—how conscientious even in small things may be gathered from one little fact. I remarked to the author, after reading it for the first time, that the botany was curiously correct for a man who had never been in Greece. He replied that he

had not introduced one single plant for which he had not a definite authority. This was the more interesting to me because *Merope* appeared years before his interest in flowers had passed from its dormant stage into very vivid life. It was not really till 1866 that this change took place, thanks to the accident of his having been on a visit to a friend who was much interested in the flora of his neighbourhood. Long afterwards Mr. Arnold wrote to this friend:—

"You have been much in my mind lately, for you first turned me to try and know the names and history of the plants I met with, instead of being content with simply taking pleasure in the look of them, and you have at least doubled my enjoyment of them by doing so."

One of the most accurate of our critical botanists, himself a poet of no mean rank and a most careful student of poetry,[1] once wrote to me of Mr. Arnold:—"Of all our poets he does flowers best." Most poets, for that matter, drive those who are really fond of flowers to despair. Our moderns are bad enough, but who I wonder was the unhappy man who first made the fame of the Amaranth and the Asphodel. These herbs have indeed much to thank him for.

Empedocles on Etna is, I will not venture to say superior to *Merope*, but it interests me much more, and it has the

[1] Lord De Tabley.

immense advantage of containing some passages which can hardly fail to be read as long as men read English, *e.g.* the one beginning:—"The track winds down to the clear stream"; and that other :—

> "Far, far from here
> The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
> Among the green Illyrian hills."

The last division, described as *Later Poems*, consist of two elegies upon household pets—a Dachshund and a canary, both perfectly beautiful in their kind, and a composition of a very different character, the noble lines on Dean Stanley. I know nothing Mr. Arnold has written which so well reflects his latest self as he was known to those who had the honour of his friendship.

If I am asked what I think will be Mr. Arnold's permanent place among English poets, I am constrained to answer that I do not know. It depends upon many things which it is impossible to foresee. I was amused some weeks ago to read, in a very important periodical, a most elaborate article which confidently asserted that he will have a high place amongst our minor poets. I doubt very much indeed whether the anonymous writer of the article to which I allude can see much further into futurity than his neighbours, and feel far from sure that Mr. Arnold's place will be amongst our minor poets at all. I myself should be inclined to put him very high, higher than some

names in our literature which are far better known. I have not, however, to learn that in judging of poetry what men of science call "the personal equation" is to be most carefully regarded, and in all weighing of literary merit I am less and less inclined to insist on what pleases me being necessarily likely to give general pleasure. I have mentioned that Mr. Arnold has been compared to Gray. If I were obliged to say to what poet he was most akin, not in form but in his inner life and *pensée intime*, I should travel back to a far earlier age and name him

> ". . . . . whose even-balanced soul,
> From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
> Business could not make dull, nor passion wild.
> Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole;
> The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
> Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child."

Any one who was describing the character of Mr. Arnold would have much to tell of the gaiety which stood out from a background of something very like Stoicism, of that charming boyishness which never left him, no, not in the last instant of his existence, of his affection for his friends, of his love for animals, of his pleasure no less in his garden than in wild nature. "Can all Prussia produce such a golden holly?" he wrote to me after returning from Berlin to Painshill.

I am not, however, attempting to describe his character;

and the events of his life, a
publication of his numerous works, were so few that, having briefly touched upon most of these, I have little more to add. He resigned his position as School Inspector after thirty-five years' service, in 1886, and the short span which remained to him was free from official duties. Honours of various kinds had been coming to him for many years, though fewer than they would have been in a country where education was more closely connected with the State. We have no Academy in England, and he pointed out, long ago, some of the disadvantages, counterbalanced no doubt by advantages, which accrue to us from the want of one. We have, however, other institutions more or less like what the French Academy was before Richelieu connected it with the Government, and of these Mr. Arnold was a member during his later years.

How suddenly he was summoned hence in the year 1888, while he had still, to all appearances, some time before him in which he might enrich our literature, and when he still cherished many plans of travel and study, is fresh in the remembrance of all; but I may mention one or two particulars which are less generally known.

He had been in the habit for many years of keeping an extremely brief diary, far too brief to be in any way useful except to himself. This diary was kept in a small long book, with Sunday at the top of each page and the other six

days following it in order. This volume he also used as a memorandum book, noting his engagements for the coming week. Sunday was, however, a day of leisure with him, and, having no engagements to enter, he devoted the blank space for that day to copying out in it some brief passage which had attracted him in his reading. In doing this he did not confine himself merely to the Sunday which was passing over him, but filled up a few Sundays ahead if he chanced to have lit upon any passages which he desired particularly to remember. If these passages are ever collected they will form one of the most cherished treasures in the library of many scholars.[1] For Sunday, the 15th April, in the year before last, he had entered the following words put together from several verses in Ecclesiasticus:—

"Weep bitterly over the dead as he is worthy, and then comfort thyself, drive heaviness away, thou shalt not do him good, but hurt thyself."

On the opposite page stood, of course, Sunday, 22nd April. Under it he had entered another passage from Ecclesiasticus:—

"When the dead is at rest, let his remembrance rest, and be comforted for him when his spirit is departed from him."

It was on the first of these days that he died.

A short time after I heard this I mentioned it to Mr.

[1] They have just appeared with a Preface by his daughter, the Honble. Mrs. Wodehouse (1903).

Arnold's and my very old friend, the Dean of Salisbury, who said to me, "Do you remember what his father wrote in his diary the day before he died?" and then showed me the passage. The words were:—"How nearly can I say 'Vixi!'" He also died on a Sunday. It would be difficult to find a more curious coincidence in the story of a father and a son.

In the diary of which I have spoken Mr. Arnold had an excellent habit, more characteristic perhaps of the well-trained official than of the man of letters, of carefully noting down, at the commencement of the year, in his clear, exquisite hand, the names of all the books he meant to read during its course, and the subjects on which he meant to write. At the commencement of 1888 he entered six subjects. I forget what the first three were, but I suppose he did write upon them, for they were carefully stroked through by him; but the last three on which he had not written, when death surprised him, were Shelley's poetry, Vauvenargues, and the *Récit d'une Sœur*. There was, as I have hinted already, a special reason why it was desirable he should write on the first of these subjects. As to the second, there was no French writer, during the course of last century, an article on whom from Mr. Arnold's pen I should have been so anxious to read; while as to the last, if I searched through the whole range of literature I could not find any book more thoroughly worthy to be the last

subject of contemplation to one who had ever obeyed the injunction :—"Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things." And such assuredly was he. The Lord Chief-Justice of England has, in pages which it would be an impertinence to praise, but which all should read, paid a noble tribute to his life-long friend, supplementing his own words by those in which Tacitus spoke his farewell to Agricola, and by Gray's lovely Latin lines on the death of Mr. West. I will quote but one sentence of Lord Coleridge's own, ending therewith an address which has, I fear, extended to an unreasonable length :—

"Few souls ever passed away with more hopes of acceptance, few lives more unstained have been led from childhood to old age, few men have ever gone into that silent void where if there are no smiles there are no tears, and where, if hearts do not beat they cannot be broken, leaving behind them such passionate regrets, such daily, hourly desire for communion which the grave forbids, for friendship which death has ended."

LORD ARTHUR RUSSELL, 1824-1892

On the morning of the 7th July, 1860, a young Member of Parliament walked home from the House of Commons with Mr. Disraeli, who was then living at Grosvenor Gate. As they passed through Audley Square in the faint dawn, the conversation turned upon Lady William Russell. "I think," said Mr. Disraeli to his companion, "that she is the most fortunate woman in England, because she has the three nicest sons." And assuredly at that time, and for long years afterwards, most people who were in a position to express an opinion, would have said that the judgment thus announced by the leader of the party in the Commons, which was not supported by the House of Bedford, was very correct. Hastings, Arthur, and Odo Russell formed a most remarkable trio. Even of the youngest who became Lord Ampthill, and who was the only one of the three who took a very active part in public affairs, his countrymen knew but little; as, indeed, they rarely know anything of a diplomatist, unless he gets them into a

war. Hastings, later the Duke of Bedford, was, partly no doubt by his own fault, one of the best misunderstood men in England, and Arthur, although known as well as any one in the most agreeable circles of London society, and with a very wide acquaintance among the best men of all lands, was hardly known at all to the general public.

The three brothers owed most of their distinguished qualities to their mother, Miss Elizabeth Rawdon, famous in youth for the beauty which Byron celebrated in *Beppo* :—

"I've seen some balls and revels in my time,
And stay'd them over for some silly reason ;
And then I look'd (I hope it was no crime)
To see what lady best stood out the season ;
And though I've seen some thousands in their prime
Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,
I never saw but one (the stars withdrawn)
Whose bloom could, after dancing, dare the dawn.

"The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,
Although I might, for she was nought to me
More than that patent work of God's invention,
A charming woman, whom we like to see ;
But writing names would merit reprehension,
Yet, if you like to find out this fair she,
At the next London or Parisian ball,
You still may mark her cheek, out-blooming all."

She was the niece of the first Marquis of Hastings, whose period of office as Governor-General was marked by so many

striking events, and who heard from the lips of an Indian prince, perhaps the most remarkable compliment that ever was paid to the Great Company. "This," said the Rajah of Tehree when he offered the customary present in token of homage, "is the first Nuzzur which was ever presented by a member of my family. We refused one to Timour!"

Many who are still alive remember Lady William as a stately old lady, before the terrible accident at Rome, which made her an invalid for the rest of her life, though it was prolonged to the year 1874. Few women had read more widely or had a keener curiosity about many of the most important matters of human concern. In English politics, much as she saw of people actively engaged in them, she never managed to acclimatise herself. "My dear mother," remarked to her, on one occasion, her eldest son, "you never seem to understand that the Russells are Whigs."

After her accident she hardly ever left London, and received when there all the year round, even in September. On the evening of the 16th July, 1874, an unusually large group was gathered round her. She became suddenly faint and was wheeled out of the room. Just before reaching the door she turned to her guests and said: "Amuse yourselves as well as you can when I am gone." These were the last words which some of those present ever heard her speak, and were remembered as an appropriate farewell. Her husband, who died at Genoa in 1846, was Major-General

Lord George William Russell, who distinguished himself in the Peninsular War, and was at a later period Minister, first at Lisbon, and then at Berlin. Their second son, Arthur Edward John, was born in 1824, and was brought up almost exclusively abroad. He never was at any school or university. Some people have thought that he owed to this circumstance a good deal of the reserve and diffidence which distinguished him; but I do not think that their opinion was well founded. His reserve and diffidence were a part of the man which no education would have even seriously modified. If he had gone to Eton and Oxford he would have missed a thousand advantages which he had, and gained nothing of importance which he did not gain. His first initiation into the serious business of life took place under the auspices of his uncle, the well-known Whig statesman, whom he served as Private Secretary from 1849 to 1854—a most admirable piece of training. As a preparation for the duties of an English politician he also travelled very widely, visiting the Mahomedan East, America, and most parts of Europe. I do not remember that he was ever in Russia proper; but he was present at the taking of Bomarsund during the war with the Czar Nicholas.

He entered Parliament as member for the borough of Tavistock at a bye-election in December 1857, and retained his seat until 1885, when he retired. It was painful to him, at the time, to leave political life; but, considering what has

happened since, many will be inclined to say that he was only taken away from the evil to come. Throughout his whole career, and up to his latest hour, he was a strong Liberal, by which I mean that he held the opinions of his family, modified by a very large infusion of the ideas which were current during his early manhood amongst the most intelligent persons in France and Germany. No Englishman was more thoroughly in harmony with the best political thought of his time throughout Western Europe; but he had a constitutional dislike to extremes and to crotchets; to Fadicalism no less than to Radicalism. His political opinions were much more fully represented by his well-thought-out and well-put-together addresses to his constituents at Tavistock, than by anything he ever said in the House, where he deliberately adopted the *rôle* rather of a spectator than of an actor, though it would be a great mistake to suppose that he did not discharge, with the most exemplary conscientiousness, all his parliamentary duties, as a member of committees, and as an adherent whose vote could always be depended upon by the Whips, whenever anything like serious business was afoot.

He made his maiden speech on 7th March, 1861, on the second night of a very interesting foreign debate begun by Mr. Hennessy, then and long afterwards far the ablest advocate of the state of things which prevailed in Italy during the years that immediately preceded 1859. Arthur Russell

had just returned from Rome, where he had had the very best opportunity of hearing all that both blacks and whites had to say. Not very many members were present, but the impression which he produced upon good judges was highly favourable. His voice was excellent, and in a first speech, the House of Commons, at least in those days, expected and encouraged diffidence. It was even a "Counsel of perfection" for a thoroughly practised speaker to break down just a little, if he could manage so to do, when he first rose in Parliament; but although nothing could be more judicious than all that the new member said, and although the form of his speech was excellent, his constitutional shyness made speaking a painful effort, and he did not, I think, address the House again till the 13th March, 1863, when he was induced to do so by some remarks reflecting upon his brother Odo in a speech by Sir George Bowyer, who was then the *enfant terrible* of the Catholic party, with a curious genius for injuring his own friends by foolishly exaggerating their most unpopular opinions.

It was natural that Arthur Russell should have selected the Italian question as the subject for his maiden speech, for his interest in European politics was always keen, and he watched the resurrection of Italy with undeviating sympathy. With not less care did he follow the long and troublous evolution of the Fatherland, from the point of view of those who said, "Through freedom to unity," rather

than of those who said, "Through unity to freedom." He was a devoted admirer of the late Emperor Frederick, who honoured him with his friendship, and on few hearts in this country did the blow which robbed the world of that most precious life, fall more heavily.

The crowning mercy of Königgraetz won for Germany a host of English friends; but Arthur Russell felt just as kindly to her when she was extremely unpopular on this side of the North Sea. The most fervid of German patriots[1] might well have used to him the phrase which he used to another, after his country had put her foot on the neck of her enemies: "Glad to make your acquaintance *you* stood by us in very dark days."

He showed his leanings in this matter with special clearness in 1864, when nine British politicians out of ten had jumped to the conclusion that the Danes *must* be right in their interpretation of a highly complicated question of history and public law, basing their view upon two undoubted facts which, however, unfortunately, did not quite cover the whole of the ground of the Schleswig-Holstein dispute:—(1) That Denmark was a very small and extremely plucky country; (2) That the newly-married Princess of Wales was exceedingly charming. There was a moment in the Session of 1864, in which Lord Palmerston was inclined to take what might have well proved very dangerous

[1] Treitschke, in October 1875.

resolves, if it had not been conveyed to him that some of his most faithful followers, of whom Arthur Russell was one, were by no means to be depended on, if anything was done which might involve this country in further complications.

Next to foreign politics, Arthur Russell cared most, I think, for questions of religious liberty. Fully conversant with all the most important results of Biblical criticism and philosophical discussion, he saw the absolute necessity of emancipating our universities from the fetters of clerical control, which pressed so heavily on them thirty years ago, and he steadily supported the movement which, begun by Lord Monk Bretton, then Mr. Dodson, in 1863, was brought to a triumphant conclusion under the guidance of Mr., now Lord Coleridge seven years afterwards. The disestablishment of the Irish Church also found in him a very strong partisan, but he was, as a rule, opposed to interference with religious institutions in England and elsewhere, merely on the ground that no wise man would call them into existence in their present shape, if the thing had now to be done for the first time. As a student he had few or no illusions; but he was a student who was intimately acquainted, not only with books, but with affairs and with men, who are much more difficult than either.

He was as far removed from being the slave of mere abstract reasoning as from being the blind adorer of mere

historical right. Although the logical outcome of these thoughts upon the relations of the State to questions of the soul might have been something very different from what he saw around him, he was content that reform should come from within the Church, and by no means anxious for any violent changes coming from outside. He took, in short, very much the same view as that which commended itself to the mind of his friend Matthew Arnold.

He was also most desirous to widen and elevate, by introducing a more reasonable curriculum into the great schools of this country, the system of education under which almost all men of his generation in England had been brought up. He kept his eye on subjects of that class all through his parliamentary life, and began to do so very early. Notice of a motion for a Royal Commission upon the Public Schools was given at the beginning of the Session of 1861 by one of his parliamentary associates, and he, as well as his brother Hastings, was cognisant of all the negotiations which ended in Sir George Lewis, the then Home Secretary, agreeing to issue it. At a later period he became, and remained to his death, a member of the Senate of the London University.

I think these three, viz. foreign affairs, questions of religious liberty and education, were the departments of public affairs to which he most often recurred in private; but he cared more or less for all the more important questions which interested the political party to which he belonged.

He was a typical member of the Liberal "centre," now and then leaning a little to the "left centre," and he kept up his interest in domestic, as well as in other political questions, to the very last, reading many more political speeches in the newspapers than did some of his contemporaries, who had in their time made a great many more than he. Into any details as to his political views after 1864, it would be unwise to enter here. The events of that time belong already to the calm region of history, but with 1866 and the last Premiership of Lord Russell, we should get into a Solfatara where the "ignes" are uncomfortably near. I may just mention, however, that he was what is known in the parlance of the day as a "Liberal Unionist"—that is to say, he held to the end the opinions about the relations between Ireland and the Empire which he had imbibed when Private Secretary to his uncle, and on which he, and all the party to which he belonged, had acted throughout the eight-and-twenty years during which he represented Tavistock.

In 1865 he married the eldest daughter of the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Peyronnet. It was remarked as a curious circumstance that one of three English brothers, who occupied so distinctive a position, should have married one of three French sisters, not less noted in their own society for a certain "apartness," which threw into equally strong relief the varied brilliance of their gifts.

In 1872, on the death of his cousin the eighth Duke of Bedford, his elder brother succeeded to the title, and Arthur and Odo were raised to the rank of a Duke's sons.

He was an exact, faithful, and very copious correspondent. If his letters to his brother when the latter was serving abroad at Rome and Berlin have been preserved, as I hope and think has been the case, and if his brother's to him are also safe, they will illustrate many interesting moments in the Victorian era.

For literature, properly so called, he cared less than for many other forms of intellectual activity; but he had a deep and ever present interest about the development of human thought in every direction:—

> "His was a restless, anxious intellect;
> Eager for truth, and pining to detect;
> Each ray of light that mind can cast on soul,
> Chequering its course, or shining from its goal,
> Each metaphysic doubt—each doctrine dim,
> Plato or Pusey—had delight for him."

He joined the Royal Geographical Society in 1858, became its Foreign Secretary in 1875, continued to hold that office till the end, attending the meetings of the Council very regularly when in London. What his colleagues and the Society at large thought of him will be seen in another part of this month's *Geographical Journal*. He was also fond of natural history, and served a good deal on the Council of the Linnæan and Zoological Societies. I

am under the impression that he was the first person to find in England the snake known as *Coronella Austriaca.* He was also much interested in the Anthropological Institute, and long a member of its governing body.

He inherited from his mother a love of conversation, which he had throughout life abundant means of gratifying. For society, in the sense of a more or less brilliant crowd, which is that which it usually bears in great capitals, he had little taste; but there were few pleasanter houses than his own for those who cared for something a little less evanescent.

A man so essentially clubable was naturally a lover of clubs. The Athenæum and Brooks's had few more constant frequenters, and during middle life he was a most regular *habitué* of the Cosmopolitan, with Thackeray and Jacob Omnium and Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, and the first Lord Houghton and Henry Phillips and Maine, and Kinglake and Venables and John Ball, and so many more who have passed away, to say nothing of not a few who remain to bewail his loss. Along with Sir John, later Lord Acton, Sir James Lacaita, and other persons, who were devoted to the custom of meeting at breakfast—far more common a generation ago than it is in these less strenuous days—he founded in 1866 the Breakfast Club, a small body which was confined to twelve, and has never, during its twenty-six years of existence had, I think, more

than twenty-six members in all, counting alike the living and the dead; but which, nevertheless, was at one and the same time governing through four of its honorary, *i.e.* temporarily absent members, Canada, India, Madras, and Bombay.

Of another company which will make some figure in the memoirs of our times, the Metaphysical Society, he formed a part almost from first to last, and might have any evening enjoyed the pleasure or danger of sitting between Mr. Huxley and the Duke of Argyll, Cardinal Manning and Mr. James Martineau, Mr. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. W. R. Greg and the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Mr. W. G. Ward and Mr. Mark Pattison, Mr. Walter Bagehot and Mr. Gladstone. He was for several years a member of the Dilettanti Society, the *doyen* of all similar institutions, dating as it does from 1732. He became a member of "The Club" in 1875, and of Grillion's in 1888.

At various periods of his life he was nearly as familiar with society on the Continent as he was for some forty years in London. As a boy in Switzerland he had been introduced to Bonstetten who, it will be remembered, was in early life the friend of the poet Gray. As a youth in Austria he lived much with the family of Count Széchenyi, to whose vigorous initiative the whole of the Danube valley owes so much; and another of his companions, in

those days, was the young Archduke Maximilian, who was destined to such romantic fortunes and to so tragic an end. In the maturity of his manhood hardly any Englishman was so well acquainted with all that deserved respect in Paris under the Second Empire. He knew intimately the learned society which gathered round M. Mohl and his clever, hospitable, eccentric wife. He was, at a later period, even more intimate with that which gathered round his mother-in-law, surpassed herself by few of that gifted circle in brightness of wit, and by none in political sagacity. He had visited Tocqueville in his Norman home, he knew Montalembert, Jules Simon, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, Rémusat, Guizot, Taine, Renan, Lanfrey, Prévost-Paradol, and a host of others—in short, almost every one who was most worth knowing in France before 1870. In Rome, the official position so long occupied by his brother Odo insured him relations of the most varied kind; and the same, but to a less extent, was the case at Berlin.

A man who possessed and assiduously used such varied opportunities of hearing all that was most interesting in contemporary politics and literature, as well as in several branches of science, might safely be inferred to have had what M. Renan has well called *la grande curiosité*. He was wedded, too, to a most excellent habit. Whenever anything really excited his interest he never let the subject go till he had informed himself thoroughly about it. I may

give an instance of this which is curiously characteristic. Just at the beginning of what proved to be his last illness, a friend mentioned to him that he could find no authority for the meaning which Mr. Shorthouse, in his recent work, *Blanche Lady Falaise*, assigns to the verb "falaiser," viz. "to persist." Littré and other books of authority only give the meaning, to dash as a wave does against a cliff. This struck him, and he never ceased his enquiries till he was able to tell his informant that Mr. Shorthouse did not claim to have found the word anywhere used in the sense he gave to it, but that it was an invention, and (as many, including the present writer, will consider) a very happy invention of his own. Every question, philosophical, philological, geographical, botanical, or whatever it was which attracted him, was thus hunted down, with the expenditure often of much time and trouble, but greatly to the advantage of the fulness and accuracy of his information.

As is so frequently the case with those who have known "the cities and the thoughts of many men," he spent much of his later life in the country, where he had purchased a house near the village of Shere, formerly the residence of Mr. Grote, in that charming county where, as the late Lord Stanhope put it, "You meet historians and philosophers in the lanes." Here, if he did not devote himself to agriculture—"the classic diversion of a statesman's cares"—he at least devoted himself to his garden, in the

laying out of which he characteristically gave much more attention to the botanical interest of his plants than to a skilful arrangement of form and colour.

Arthur Russell had not the qualities of a man destined to play a leading part on the stage of life "in the world's ample witness"; but few were better fitted to watch what passed and to exert a steady pressure in favour of all that was wise and right. Thousands of men, known in one or other department of London life, had more practical, constructive ability; very few, if any, had surer judgment; hundreds were more learned, few were as widely and solidly informed. Many even amongst his own acquaintance had far greater powers of expression, none had more thoroughly the secret of what is worth all the eloquence in the world, and the final outcome of the highest wisdom, the power to say "yes" and "no" in the right place. Numbers had more emotional natures, few were so gentle and unselfish. It is idle, however, to attempt to describe the man we have lost to those who did not know him. He who would do so successfully must have the palette and the brush of him who painted a character very like and very different from his—that of Marius the Epicurean.

Happily, a large number of people did know Arthur Russell, and if anything in this sketch has been set down by a hand too partial or too critical, will be able to correct it. If I have erred, I have at least erred in good company.

A letter about his death lies before me, dated 11th April, and containing a phrase which expresses the opinion, not only of the person who penned it, an excellent judge, but of the most illustrious writer on the European continent[1]—"C'était un des hommes les meilleurs qui aient existé."

[1] Ernest Renan.

COUNT DE HÜBNER

Two friends talked together about the recollections of old men.

"They are usually," said the elder, "very unsatisfactory. The subject came up once at a house where I was, when both Lord Lyndhurst and Dr. Lushington were present. 'What,' I said, turning to the first, 'is the most interesting thing that you remember?' 'Beyond all comparison,' was the reply, 'the day I passed with Washington at Mount Vernon.' 'And you,' I asked, turning to the second, 'what is the most interesting thing that you remember?' 'Undoubtedly,' he answered, 'the week I spent with Burke at Beaconsfield.' 'Tell us something of what passed,' I rejoined. But, alas! neither could recall anything."

The most exacting of critics will never be able to bring any such charge against the author of this delightful book.[1] Gifted with a memory "wax to receive and marble to

[1] *Une Année de ma Vie.*

retain," and having begun life very early under excellent auspices, he has been everywhere, met everybody, seen everything, and forgotten nothing; while he has, far from trusting exclusively to his powers of recollection, had the wisdom to write down from time to time things which he thought sufficiently important for him to be anxious to be minutely accurate about them.

It is to this habit that we owe the volume before us, which consists of the reproduction, often textual, of a journal kept through the stirring times to which it relates. To this Count de Hübner has added copious notes, together with some observations written quite recently, and showing how things looked to him after the chances and changes of over forty years.

The work begins by an entry made at Leipzig on 5th February 1848, in these words:—

"A despatch from Prince Metternich calls me to Vienna. Why? It does not say."

When M. de Hübner reached Vienna he found that his chief was desirous of sending some one to Milan for the purpose of representing the views of the Austrian Foreign Office in the Council consisting of the Archduke Renier, Marshal Radetzky, and Count Spaur, the Governor of Lombardy, which was then charged with the general supervision of Austrian interests in Italy. It was, having regard to the close relations between the Court of Vienna and the

small Italian potentates, obviously desirable that some one well acquainted with diplomatic business should be on that Council. The man first thought of had been Prince Félix Schwarzenberg, but the very anxious position of affairs at Naples made it undesirable that he should leave his duties there; and Prince Metternich's thoughts turned to M. de Hübner, who, although younger by more than a decade and occupying a much less exalted position in the service—that, namely, of Consul-General in Saxony—had already given proof that he possessed all the qualities which were desired.

The reader interested in European politics will examine with attention the record of the two interviews between the aged minister—still so powerful, though so near the end of his power—and his young envoy, which are given at some length. We must not, however, linger over these, but follow the latter to Milan, where he found himself on 6th March. Very bright is the description of the society which gathered there, and on which the storm was so soon to break. In all that M. de Hübner writes there are touches of humour, which relieve the gloom of even the most tragic situations, and they are not wanting here; as, for example, in the passage in which he describes Radetzky and General Wallmoden, between whom he sat one day at dinner, both octogenarians, and profoundly jealous of each other. The first, in his desire to be particularly polite to

the only civilian present in an assembly of paladins, kept helping M. de Hübner to good things with his rather trembling hand. "See how he shakes, he's getting old," said Wallmoden in a whisper, and then went sound asleep. "Look," said Radetzky with a wink, "he is still assiduous in paying his court to the ladies, and, nevertheless, snores in the middle of dinner!"

The news of the Revolution in Paris had reached M. de Hübner near the end of February, before he had his last conversation with Prince Metternich. He was made very anxious, during the first ten days of his stay in Milan, by receiving no communication from the minister, but it was not till the 17th March that he heard of the outbreak at Vienna on the 13th of that month. The intelligence of that event was the spark which exploded the mine so long prepared in Lombardy, and on the 18th began the five days of the Milan revolution. The account of these is given very fully, and is reproduced almost exactly from the diary kept by M. de Hübner at, and shortly after, the time. For the composition of this he had the amplest leisure during the earlier days of his captivity in the hands of the insurgents, which lasted in all about three months and a half.

While the fighting was going on in the streets, he was shut up in the house of an Austrian *employé* who had provided for his own safety by leaving it and his wife at the commencement of the struggle. M. de Hübner took

charge of both till the combat was over; and many, as well as strange, were the adventures through which he passed.

When things had calmed down a little, he surrendered perforce to the victorious party, and was entrusted to the charge of a very worthy man, who, born in the Italian Tyrol, had been the head of a department in one of the offices of account, but had agreed to serve under the new government. He and his wife were extremely kind to their distinguished prisoner; and it is agreeable to learn, both that he was able to render some service to the husband, when the revolt in Lombardy had been put down, and that the wife, long years afterwards, left to M. de Hübner, when he had become one of the leading personages in the diplomacy of the world, the only thing of value which she possessed. The whole story of Philémon and Baucis, as he calls the pair, is about as pretty a piece of reading as one could easily come across. Early in his captivity he was asked by the Provisional Government whether he would undertake a mission to the camp of Radetzky, with a view to negotiate an exchange of hostages and prisoners, on the understanding that if this could not be effected he should return to Milan. He accepted the mission with alacrity, but in order to fulfil it he had to pass through Brescia, which, like Milan, was in full revolt, and where, unhappily, the worst elements of the population had the authorities,

who had tal charge of the town, when it was evacuated by the Imperial Army, almost entirely under their command. His visit to this place is described in full detail, and a most brilliant picture it forms at once of the grim and of the grotesque accompaniments of mob supremacy. M. de Hübner very narrowly escaped with his life; and probably not even his coolness and *savoir faire* would have saved him if the murders of Count Latour at Vienna, or of Count Lamberg at Pesth, had taken place previously, and stimulated to the requisite point the passions of the populace.

Unable to carry into effect the mission with which he had been charged, and the success of which would have been of the greatest importance to the Milanese, having indeed only been got out of Brescia by the authorities there throwing dust in the eyes of the mob, M. de Hübner returned to his captivity, from which he was not released till the 4th of July. On that day he was informed that he would be conducted, along with other hostages, and protected by a good escort, to Coire. He protested against the escort, and begged to be allowed to travel in his own carriage, unattended by troops. "But," said the Duke of Litta, "we cannot send a separate escort with you, and your life will be in danger." "My life," he said, "will be as safe as possible; but I would advise *you* not to traverse the country between this and the Swiss frontier unprotected

by soldiers." After letting fly this Parthian arrow, as he called it, which he discharged knowing that the peasantry along the frontier he was about to cross were well affected to the Austrians, he started next day, and was soon in neutral territory.

The reflections with which M. de Hübner closes the account of his sojourn at Milan in 1848 are a curious illustration of the charm which Italy has ever exercised over the Trans-Alpine mind. Neither the calamities of his country, nor his own individual troubles, availed to make him feel bitter against the race which had been the immediate cause of both. Of course he could not believe at that time in a unified Italy. How many did, forty-three years ago? In a paper, however, drawn up in 1890, he fully admits that in all camps, Conservative and Liberal, papal and free-thinking, throughout the peninsula, there is now a determination that Italy must be one. In that paper there is hardly anything, if, indeed, there is anything at all, with which English Liberals would not agree. Even upon the question of the sovereign power of the papacy, so thorny a subject for one who is at once, like M. de Hübner, an experienced statesman and a convinced Catholic, his language is most moderate and reasonable. Surely some compromise, which would not in the slightest degree interfere with either the prestige or the interests of Italy, will sooner or later be within the reach of diplomacy. "Only

through the spaces of time do we come to the centre of opportunity."

It would be unpardonable, before concluding our notice of the first of the two acts into which *Une Année de ma Vie* is divided, to omit calling attention to the numerous very beautiful little pictures which are to be found scattered through it in great abundance. Such are the description of the peasant girl transformed into a Hecuba at p. 76, of the parting of "Hector and Andromache" at p. 105, of the "Madonna of the Needle" at p. 191, of the Group of Ladies at Brescia at p. 146, and of the Sunrise on Monte Rosa at p. 232.

The curtain rises again on 22nd July, by which date M. de Hübner found himself back in Vienna, whither the Archduke John had just come from Frankfort to open the Reichstag, and where a ministry, composed of well-intentioned, but not for the most part strong men, was engaged in governmental functions mocked by the name of power. Sketches are given, which seem very life-like, of its leading members—of Bach, well and not too favourably known in later days; of Latour, destined to a tragic end; of Wessenberg, who was in charge of Foreign Affairs; and of Krauss, who presided over the Finances. The last two were the comic personages of the drama; and M. de Hübner gives, in describing their works and ways, free course to the humour which, as we have said, never deserted him, even in the darkest hours.

Alarmed by the utter want of a ruling mind in the councils of the Emperor, the young diplomatist took a bold step, which had eventually a most favourable influence on his own career, and which extricated Austria, not for long indeed, but still for an appreciable time, from the most imminent peril. He wrote to Italy, and urged Prince Félix Schwarzenberg to come to Vienna.

Meantime, revolutionary things took their natural course in that city. Confusion grew ever worse confounded. There were riots everywhere. In the brief space of six months, the capital, which had so long slept under absolute rule, had passed from being in the hands of men whose political temperature was that of 1789, into those of others whose political temperature was that of 1793. At the very end of the month of September, M. de Hübner was sitting in his room when a man suddenly appeared in the doorway, whose features, as it was rather dark, he could not at first distinguish. The figure advanced—it was Prince Félix Schwarzenberg. He did not come an hour too soon for his friends. On the 6th of October the revolution had passed into the stage of armed insurrection; Latour was murdered, and Vienna was divided into two hostile camps.

Presently the Emperor and his family, escorted by a large body of troops, left Schoenbrunn and retired upon Olmütz. Prince Félix Schwarzenberg was summoned thither; but being the soul of resistance to anarchy at

Vienna he could not immediately obey the summons, and sent M. de Hübner, who thoroughly shared his ideas as to what had to be done in the present and immediate future.

There follows a very curious account of what befell in the capital of Moravia and on the route thither. An extraordinary situation it was. The Government had survived the insurrection of 6th October, but consisted only of two members, Wessenberg, who was at Olmütz, and Krauss, who was at Vienna, engaged in giving a little money to the Revolutionists to enable them to kill the Imperialists, and a much larger amount to the Imperialists to enable them to kill the Revolutionists.

The real minister, though absolutely without any legal title, was Prince Félix Schwarzenberg. His power, however, was interfered with by many outside influences, and, not least, by his near connection, Prince Windischgraetz, who was the head of the northern army, and who, full of excellent qualities as a soldier and a man, belonged to the race of those who, in politics, learn and forget nothing. Prince Félix Schwarzenberg, on the other hand, though not brought up to politics, and profoundly ignorant of most of the things which a statesman ought to know, had, at least some comprehension of the world in which he was living, and saw that a return to the old state of things, pure and simple, was out of the question. It is the curse of such a

system as that which prevailed in Austria, from the accession of the Emperor Francis onwards, that it rears those employed in the government to be mere clerks, turns the whole of the nobility into soldiers or idlers, or both, and throws the professional and mercantile classes into chronic if silent opposition. When the hour of calamity comes, it is fortunate indeed, if there is some strong-headed, strong-handed man to take the reins; for it is at least better to have a driver who drives indifferently, than to leave horses, who are running away, to their own sweet will.

Before, however, the political knowledge, or want of it, in either of the two brothers-in-law could be a matter of much importance, Vienna had to be taken, and Prince Windischgraetz was the only person in a position to do that. M. de Hübner was accordingly despatched to Prague to urge his marching on the capital. This he was quite ready to do, even with the slender force which was at his disposal, still more so when that force rose, as it shortly did, to the dimensions of a considerable army. The question was: Could the Imperialists arrive in time to prevent the Hungarians, who were advancing rapidly from the eastward, joining hands with the revolutionary party at Vienna. Fortunately for the Imperial cause, the Ban Jellachich defeated them in an action fought so near that its varying fortunes could be followed with more or less accuracy—with less it would seem rather than more—by the insurgent

commander Messenhauser, from an observatory in the spire of St. Stephen's. Their defeat enabled Windischgraetz to pursue his operations undisturbed; and on the 31st the city surrendered, after having tasted, happily only for a few hours, the delights of a reign of terror, and of having been within an ace of losing some of its finest buildings by the fire of the Imperial batteries. Anything more curious than the description of the headquarters at Hetzendorf, of the deputations which came to the Marshal from the town, of the gloomy dinner while Vienna was burning, and of the delight when its destruction had been averted by a fortunate storm, it would not be easy to find. We would particularly direct attention to the narrative which M. de Hübner gives of his saving the life of a young man, who was about to be shot on the 1st November for having been engaged in giving money to corrupt the troops. He does not mention the fact, but it is an open secret, that that young man who so narrowly escaped death lived to be Prime Minister. Strange, indeed, has been the fate of the Emperor Francis Joseph, in many ways, but in none surely more than this—that he has had two successive Prime Ministers, M. de Haymerle and Count Andrassy, who, belonging to totally different races, and to totally different positions in society, had, under totally different circumstances, both been in early life condemned to die by his own tribunals, or by those of his immediate predecessor.

The remainder of the volume, although instructive in the highest degree to those who have followed the marvellous series of transformation scenes which have been presented to the world by the fortunes of the House of Hapsburg since the collapse of the Viennese insurrection in 1848, will be perhaps less attractive to the casual reader than its earlier portions; but he will find, amid much purely political matter, many passages of more general interest. Such are the description of the ceremonies which took place at the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand and the accession of Francis Joseph; of the last interview between Baron Josika and Prince Félix Schwarzenberg, in which the former tried in vain to combat the ill-considered plans of his friend about Hungary; and of the mission of M. de Hübner to the camp of Windischgraetz just before the battle of Kapolna. All through this period M. de Hübner —while agreeing completely with the foreign policy of Prince F. Schwarzenberg, and agreeing also with his views in internal politics, as against the ideas of men who had been more influenced by constitutionalism as it was understood under Louis Philippe—was strongly opposed to the centralising projects to which his chief had become a convert, and which were most unwisely persevered in, till the salutary catastrophe of Königgrätz, nearly eighteen years later, gave to Deák and the reasonable portion of the Hungarians all, and more than all, they had ever asked.

But alas! how much blood, how much treasure, and how bad a lesson as to the respective merits of violence and of policy, would have been saved if these ideas had prevailed a year before, instead of more than half a generation after, the outbreak of the Hungarian War!

The book closes with an account of the conversation which took place between Prince Schwarzenberg and its author, when he was told, to his own infinite surprise, that he was to be sent, not as he had asked, to Rio, but to Paris. To Paris he went, and passed there, as the representative of Austria, ten years, which must have been about as anxious as any which ever fell to the lot of a diplomatist. We should all gain much knowledge if only it were possible for him to tell their story, but alas! that must not be. "Scribantur haec in generatione altera." Here and there the veil has been lifted, as, for instance, near the commencement of Senior's conversations with M. Thiers, where the latter describes the excitement of Louis Napoleon, when the news of the battle of Novara came to Paris, and when a rupture between France and Austria seemed only a question of hours. It will be seen from the conversation alluded to at the commencement of this paragraph that even Prince Félix Schwarzenberg, bold as he was, thought that a quarrel with France might, in the year 1849, mean the fall of the Austrian monarchy.

That the view of the events of the Year of Revolutions

which commended itself at the time to M. de Hübner should be the same as that which then or now was taken or could be taken by English politicians, who suck in constitutionalism with their mother's milk, was not to be expected. The marvel is that, having regard to all the circumstances of that tremendous time, he can be so merciful to his enemies, even to Lord Palmerston! He would not deny that the maintenance of the system of organised do-nothing, which was the leading characteristic of Austrian statesmanship for a long time previous to 1848, was quite hopeless; but he would urge, more strongly than we should, the great difficulties which had been caused in one direction by the over-precipitate legislation of Joseph II., in another by the natural horror inspired by the French Revolution. Undoubtedly, too, he would pass a far more lenient judgment upon some persons whose names figure in these pages than the historian looking at them "sine ira et studio" will ultimately do. We cannot, however, expect contemporaries to write "sine ira et studio." They would give us very bad materials for history if they did.

He must indeed be fanatically attached to his own opinion who, however much he may differ from the conclusions of M. de Hübner, can resist the charm of this most fascinating work. We have already admitted the impossibility of the writer's giving to us the history of what befell him in the decade so fateful to his country which imme-

diately followed the year he has described; but a man whose recollections go back to the time when Montalembert and Lamennais went to Rome, about the affair of the *Avenir*, must have a good deal to tell of the years between 1832 and 1848, without trespassing upon departments of the *haute politique* as to which his lips are sealed. Possibly the same may be the case even with regard to the time which intervened between the outbreak of the campaign of Magenta and the first of those charmingly described journeys which, taken in connection with his diplomatic, ministerial, political, and social experience, give him a better right, so far as we are aware, than any living man, to say with the Ulysses of Tennyson:

> "I am become a name,
> For always roaming with a hungry heart;
> Much have I seen and known; cities of men
> And manners, climates, councils, governments,
> Myself not least, but honoured of them all."

If the writer of the *Life of Sixtus V.*, of the *Promenade Round the World*, of *Fifty Thousand Miles through the British Empire*, and of the volume under review, has the happy idea of taking his contemporaries once more into his confidence, he may at least be well assured of their gratitude.[1]

[1] This alas! he never did. He died in 1892.

HENRY REEVE

How rapidly in this crowded and hurrying age do reputations pass away! When those of us who consider the "usual age" to be about fifty-five, first began to take note of what was passing in London, the name of Henry Reeve was about as familiar as the Duke of York's Column. Yet even before he died, a young diplomatist, member of a profession which is nothing if not well informed as to persons, and who was assuredly at least as well informed as most members of his Service, nearly threw an elderly relative into a fit by asking, "Who is Henry Reeve?" Professor Laughton's work, which is most conscientiously executed and extremely full, will carry his friend's name into many circles in this country, in America, and in the Colonies which could not be expected to know what was "common learning" in Pall Mall or Mayfair. It will do more than that,—it will add several features to his portrait which were not visible to some people who knew him rather well for more than a

generation; and all of those features are agreeable. We allude more particularly to certain indications of poetical and religious feeling, in this typical man of the world, which were not known to the world, though they may have been known to a few of his closest friends.

Henry Reeve descended on the mother's side from the Taylors of Norwich, a family of marked and widely acknowledged ability. His father had studied under Dugald Stewart at Edinburgh, in company with Francis Horner and others of the distinguished group out of which came the *Edinburgh Review*, for which he wrote one or more articles. He was a physician with much merit and promise; but it is no disparagement to his memory to say that it was fortunate for his eminent son that he died early. Had this not been the case, it would have been quite impossible for Mrs Reeve to have given her boy the admirably suitable education which he received. He would have gone to some English school, entered one of the Universities—probably Cambridge—and become an effective, perhaps a highly successful, professional man; but he would not have been an unique figure in his generation. Fate was kinder to him; and at the early age of fifteen he was taken by his wise mother to Geneva, placed under good masters, and eventually under the illustrious Rossi,—the same whose tragic death on the steps of the Cancelleria during the year of revolutions gave so sad a turn to the Pontificate of Pio

Nono. Already in earliest youth his precocious interest in things to which the usual schoolboy remains a stranger, together with his perfect command of French, had made him free of the brilliant society which then spread far and wide the fame of that interesting little city which has been called, not unjustly, the "Aviso" which leads the European fleet.

Henry Reeve was exactly the son whom Chesterfield ought to have had, for Nature had given him all the qualities which she so cruelly denied to Philip Stanhope. It is hardly credible, but it is true, that at three-and-twenty this English youth, with no superior advantages of birth or family alliances, was mingling on familiar terms in Paris with people like Alfred de Vigny, Cousin, Rio, Ballanche, Montalembert, Tocqueville, Sainte-Beuve, Ampère, Gustave de Beaumont, Lacordaire, Baron d'Eckstein, and a host of others, while in London he was hardly less well placed. How all this was managed we must leave the reader to discover in the pages of the book under review, but it was an achievement which does quite infinite credit to a widow lady of extremely moderate means.

In this imperfect world, however, it often happens that what is advantageous from one point of view is detrimental from another. It would be difficult to overestimate the advantages which accrued to Reeve from his early connection with eminent persons much older than himself in Paris

and Geneva, but then the very fact of his being so closely connected with them made the magnates of the Orleanist party and the Haute Ville on the banks of Lake Leman altogether too potent factors in the formation of his opinions. A youth who already in the middle of the thirties was intimate with so many men to whose experience he could not but bow, was almost obliged to take erroneous views of the very much altered condition of Europe which was inaugurated by the Revolutionary movements of 1848.

Intelligent and accomplished as he was, he might have waited long for an opportunity of attaining to an income save through the rather precarious road of literature. The *deus ex machinâ* who made everything easy was Lord Lansdowne, who gave him, when still at the age when men, who are going to be Lord Chancellors, are not even making enough to pay the rent of their chambers, the office of Clerk of the Appeal to the Queen in Council, and from that he passed eventually to the Registrarship. He was no doubt a very good official, though perhaps some able men who had to discuss matters of business with him thought him a trifle crotchety. His real work, however, was done elsewhere. For more than fifteen years, from 1842 to 1857, he was one of the principal writers for the *Times*, and exercised thereby enormous influence, both in England and in Europe. Through all this period, too, he was a hyphen, and a most useful one, between London and Paris, receiving many letters

from prominent Frenchmen, and reflecting all he learnt upon the minds of leading English statesmen.

To say that about this time of his life he was often deplorably wrong in his judgments of foreign affairs would be, perhaps, to expose ourselves to the charge of arrogance; but we will venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that he was exceedingly apt to take the side against which Providence ultimately declared itself. He was all for Otho against Lord Palmerston, but Lord Palmerston lived to see Otho sent about his business. He was all in favour of Denmark against Germany in the Schleswig-Holstein squabble, but the question was settled quite decisively against the former, though not exactly in the way the best men in England and Germany wished it settled. He was all in favour of Austria against the Hungarians, but nevertheless the time came when the Empress herself placed the wreath upon the bier of Deák, the very incarnation of the Hungarian constitutional resistance. He was all against the Union of Italy, but the policy of Cavour found favour in that quarter where willing and doing are synonymous. It was said at the time that if the battle of Königgrätz had come a few days later, the *Edinburgh Review* would have proclaimed the hopeless impossibility of Prussia's success. Cato may have been right or wrong in his controversy with the gods, but a publicist can hardly be right who is so often at issue with them.

Still, if Henry Reeve made many mistakes, he was often admirably right. He wrote, for example, most strongly against the *coup d'état*, and quite triumphantly vindicated his own right to do so as a journalist, though most fully admitting to those statesmen, who blamed him for the vigour of his polemics, that a similar vigour on their part would have been altogether reprehensible. He appears to have taken a very sensible view, before, during, and after the Crimean War, which people now often condemn as recklessly as their fathers supported it, without ever grasping the real reasons why it was fought.

He ceased to be on the staff of the *Times* when Sir George Cornewall Lewis gave up the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review* for the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he became the successor of that great wise man in the management of what had been long the leading organ of the Liberal party. Impartial persons would, we think, say that during the forty years through which he held that position he made a very good editor. He had much knowledge, great rectitude of intention, and exceptional opportunities of seeing the heads of the party. Many thought that he carried down far too late the once venerable theory that all the articles in the *Review* were inspired by one mind, and he made bitter enemies by altering what some of his contributors had written. There must be plenty of persons alive who have heard Mr.

Hayward enlarge on that subject; but it may be presumed that few editors of important periodicals go through life without raising up many successive crops of fine, healthy hatreds. Over and above his work at the Council Office, his long connection with the *Times*, his much longer connection with the *Edinburgh Review*, and the services he performed as an intermediary between leading persons in London and Paris, the external facts of Henry Reeve's mature life were few. In addition to his translations from Tocqueville, he published, *inter alia*, a journal kept by his father during a brief residence in Vienna, several volumes of essays by himself reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review*, and, as all the world knows, the famous or notorious *Greville Memoirs*.

He married twice, and saw a great deal of society in and out of his own house. He shot, he hunted, he yachted a little, and during the latter part of his life he had a beautiful home overlooking the Christchurch estuary in Hampshire. He was an original member of, and for many years a well-known figure at, the Cosmopolitan; he belonged to the Athenæum and to the Literary Society; he was long an active manager of the Literary Fund. It is, however, with a much older institution than any of these that he was most closely identified. On 9th April 1861, he was elected a member of "The Club," and noted, as he well might, in his diary, that it was the highest social honour he had ever

received. Several years afterwards, on the death of Sir Edmund Head, he became its treasurer, retaining that, the only office which exists in connection with it, for a quarter of a century.

The book before us is filled with letters, most of them from eminent people, but, alas! they are the kind of letters which, perfect treasures during the first few weeks after they are received, soon fall into the limbo of dead politics, rarely, indeed, to arise again in the shape of valuable history. How many of them are there from first to last which tell the fairly well-informed reader much that is unfamiliar? The letters that remain interesting after a generation are either letters which reveal something not generally known, or letters which are intrinsically remarkable. What we most miss in Professor Laughton's work are passages along which we put a mark, saying, "That is new and well worth remembering." One of such too rare passages extends from pp. 382-384 of Vol. I., and describes Prince Metternich at Johannesberg.

For more vivid sketches of that kind, for more epigrams, for more fresh facts, for more good anecdotes, we would willingly have sacrificed numberless letters as to which we say when we have read them: "A. B. thought this or that at such and such a date. Of course he did! Given his circumstances, what else could he have thought?" We do not blame Professor Laughton in the least; on the con-

trary, we believe that he has done the very best he could with the materials at his disposal. But we wish a man who had such opportunities as Henry Reeve had left better materials to his biographer. The letters of secondary persons, like Lord Westbury, or even tertiary persons, like Mr. Edward Cheney, seem to us better worth republication than most of those which are quoted in these pages with great names appended to them. Henry Reeve's friends, and he had many, for he was a very kindly as well as an able man, would have preferred to see his memory kept green by a selection in three octavo volumes from those of his writings which have best stood the test of time, prefaced by fifty or sixty pages of biography; but perhaps something of the kind may be still in the womb of the future. Nevertheless, we are grateful for what we have got. Henry Reeve's biographer, like Lord Houghton's, laboured under one great difficulty. Neither of them kept a diary, for the jottings which Professor Laughton had in his hands are too brief to deserve that name. The sort of material which a real diary would have furnished may be seen here and there as in Vol. II., pp. 110-112, in which is related a conversation with Circourt on 5th April 1865. At the time that the *Ordonnances* were signed, Circourt was Polignac's private secretary. His memory was faultless, and his veracity was unquestioned. He told Reeve that the reason for the Government of Charles X. being so

poorly provided with troops, on which it could rely in case of resistance, was that Bourmont being still absent in Algeria, Polignac had for some time been intriguing for a revolution in Brussels, and had prepared two large camps at Lunéville and St. Omer with a view to the occupation of Belgium, or at least for a demonstration on the frontier; his object being to try to rescue a Catholic population from the Protestant domination of Holland. We do not know if this story can be confirmed, but if it is true, it is certainly very little known; yet it may well be true, since Polignac was foolish enough for anything. His best epitaph would be the epigram of Pozzo di Borgo when he was told that the Prince had had another vision of the Blessed Virgin: "When Prime Ministers see visions, Kings are undone!"

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, 1823-1900

SIR,—I agree with all you say of the Duke of Argyll, and as I had an opportunity of seeing much of him at an important period of his life, I venture to ask you to allow me to make a few remarks about him.

He was, to my thinking, very much the greatest Scotchman who has lived in our times. I suspect that the circumstance of his not only being born in Scotland, but being typically Scotch, prevented his making a greater impression south of the Tweed. The strange thing, not inexplicably strange but still strange, is that he did not make a stronger impression upon his own countrymen in the narrower sense of the term.

One often hears it said of this or that statesman that he would have been far more distinguished if he had been brought up at a Public School. When I hear that remark made, my general tendency is to set down the speaker as a mere chatterer, so often have I heard it made without rhyme or reason; but made with regard to the Duke of Argyll, it would have been absolutely true. If he had been

born simply Mr. Campbell, with the prospect of inheriting a good fortune and a safe seat for his county after he had gone through the usual routine of Eton, Oxford, and the grand tour, there is no height to which he might not have risen. His misfortune was that he stepped almost at once from the depth of retirement to a transcendent position. There were a thousand things, especially about people, which most men who go early into public life know, as it were by nature, which he did not know. He never was quite in the main stream of his time, and his splendid abilities had, only at intervals, adequate subjects on which to exert themselves. A witty writer in the Fifties remarked, "But what could you expect of a young nobleman who was writing ecclesiastical pamphlets when he *ought* to have been ruining his constitution." He would, of course, have gained nothing by ruining his constitution; but he would have gained a good deal if his hopes and thoughts and enthusiasms and errors had been those of the men with whom he was to live and act. Had he gone to Christchurch, he would have been too young to have been there with those whom Ruskin has described in that delightful chapter of *Præterita*, which he calls "Christchurch Choir," although one of that number, Lord Wemyss, still survives in something very like immortal youth. He should, however, have gone to the Scotch College at Oxford, where his undergraduate life would have synchronised with that of the

wonderful company described in Principal Shairp's noble poem, *The Balliol Scholars from* 1840 *to* 1843. The present Archbishop of Canterbury is the only member of it who is still alive, but, distinguished as he is, he was by no means the most distinguished in that "high-hearted brotherhood."

One thing which militated against the Duke's success was that he hardly belonged to the generation in which he was born. He lived in youth far too much with men twice as old as himself. Before he was thirty, he was in the very core and centre of the most interesting and distinguished society of London. Most men who belong to it think themselves extremely fortunate if they become members of "The Club" at fifty-six or indeed much later; but the Duke of Argyll had, when he was eight-and-twenty, passed within its jealously guarded portals, and he became a member of Grillion's the year after. It is of immense advantage to a young man to be much in the society of his elders who have made their fame in the world; but, if the young man aspires to be a statesman, it is almost necessary that he should have also a large acquaintance amongst younger people with whom he has grown up. This the Duke never had, and it was a great disadvantage to him.

When Mr. Disraeli went to the House of Lords and heard him speak for the first time, he was astonished, and well he might have been. As I have said elsewhere, Bright

with four thousand people hanging on his words, Gladstone replying when the clock had already pointed to twelve, and the Duke of Argyll addressing the Peers at five o'clock, the galleries filled with ladies, and the sunset streaming through the painted windows—these are things which, in their way, have not been surpassed in the days of men now living.

He was, however, not only an orator, but an excellent man of business. He had the first merit of a minister in great place, and at the head of a huge organisation; he knew when he could leave things to others. Perhaps he sometimes approached very difficult and complicated business rather too much in the spirit of a philosopher, who wants to do the very best conceivable, instead of that second best, which is all that circumstances will permit. How often have I seen him take down to his Council a dispatch to which he had given days of labour, such as no other man connected with the Government of India could have given, and submit, with angelic patience, to see its admirable structure ruined by one suggestion after another, put forward by men who had had experience of working at the other end of the world, and who knew, as nobody who had not worked there could know, where the difficulties would arise. Of course, it was only from time to time that questions came before the Secretary of State for India which call forth the energies of a philosopher, but, when they did, the Duke not only grappled delightedly with

them, but, far harder task! permitted himself, as I have said, to be corrected in innumerable small points. It was only, of course, in connection with these large questions that such things happened. The ordinary business, in so far as it had to be seen by him, passed through his hands in a steady and unbroken stream.

He was extremely fond of argument, and positively liked you to disagree with him, which I rarely did, for I am a firm believer in a saying which is to be found in one of Newman's University sermons, but which I prefer quoting in the slightly altered form in which it was repeated to me by Bagehot—

"When we have stated our terms and cleared our ground, all argument is usually either superfluous or fruitless."

I had once a rather amusing illustration of his love of argument. The conversation had turned upon a very able man of whom he was in the habit of seeing something, and I a great deal. I spoke very highly of him, but the Duke said—"Oh, no, he is an *assentator*"—the fact being that his assent was not unlike Renan's famous *Vous avez mille fois raison*, and led to his usually obtaining, and rightly obtaining, his own way, for he was a master of his subject.

A good, hard, intellectual problem to tackle in private gave the Duke almost as much pleasure as the rapture of the strife in the conflicts of the House of Lords.

He has been accused of holding his head higher than

even his rank and his talents entitled him to do. Other persons can judge of his demeanour out of office as well or better than I can, so I say nothing about that, but a more delightful chief to work under I could not imagine—gentle, considerate, and kindly under all circumstances. And he deserved all the more credit for this, as far as I was concerned, because it was neither his wish nor mine that we should be associated.[1] It was not till just before the resignation of Mr. Gladstone's first Government, when I went to take leave of the Duke, that he told me what his feelings had been when it came into power.

"Before we part," he said, "I wish to say something to you. When I was told that you were to represent the Indian Department in the House of Commons, I did not like it at all. I knew you were a man who thought for yourself; I knew you expressed your opinions with the utmost frankness, and I thought that you would take your own line, caring exceedingly little about me. I want to tell you that no one was ever more mistaken. From first to last you have absolutely identified yourself with and merged your individuality in my policy."

He had already said in writing all that any man could desire as to my management of Indian affairs in the Lower

[1] I should have preferred being sent to the Foreign Office, the business of which had always interested me more than that of any other department. (See *Studies in European Politics* 1866, *A Political Survey* 1868, etc., etc.) India would have been my second choice, but I had not learnt in December 1868 what an advantage it was to a young politician to have to watch the working, not of one department, but of all the departments of a great Empire.

House, but I was peculiarly delighted to hear what he felt as to my subordinating every idea of my own to the success of his policy, because I have always thought that the duty of an Under-Secretary in either House was to be, as nearly as he could, all that his chief would have been if he could have had a seat in both Houses.

Lord Beaconsfield's Waldershare in *Enaymion* admirably represents what I think an Under-Secretary in charge of his Department ought *not* to wish to be. Oddly enough, the last communication which I had from the Duke was a letter in which he asked me whether I could tell him the name of any one, then alive, who had known well the highly-gifted and somewhat good-for-nothing personage who sat for the portrait of Waldershare—George Smythe, the last Lord Strangford but one, whom the writer I quoted about the Duke of Argyll in the Fifties, described as "Starting to his feet, in a foreign debate, shutting his eyes, and pouring forth a series of sentences which sounded like a translation from the French of Vergniaud." It was of him that Lord Aberdeen, who made him his Under-Secretary, is said to have remarked that he had an unfortunate habit of not reading enclosures. I gave the Duke what information I could about people whom he might consult, and I hope we may find something upon the subject in his Memoirs, for George Smythe was, after all deductions made, a very remarkable man. His book, *Historic Fancies*, though of slight

value, as a whole, contains not a little that is well worth remembering, and of those who remember anything about it there are very few left. Sir William Gregory and Sir George Bowen were nearly the last of my acquaintances who did so.

Outside politics and administration, I had few interests in common with those of the Duke. Even in natural history, we did not care for the same things. Many of our opinions and prejudices on very important matters were diametrically opposite; but that fact does not prevent my holding him to have been one of the best and most distinguished men of his day, or believing that he had that in him which would have made him even greater than he was, if the cards which he held at the opening of the game had been somewhat less brilliant. Better in a certain sense they could not possibly have been; but it is not a paradox to say that he would have been more likely to have attained the very highest eminence in the English life of the nineteenth century if they had been, in the first two or three deals, a little worse.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK, 1840-1901

August 1902.

HERE in Locarno, a place in which she would have delighted, for it has all the charms, without any of the drawbacks of that Italy which she loved so well, I have read the German Emperor's speech about his mother.

All that he said was true; but there were many points in the life and character of the Empress Frederick to which, in the existing state of opinion in Germany, he could not allude, even if he had desired to do so. The truth is that she was, above all things, the product of the time, in which her bright and extraordinarily receptive intellect first awoke. If she had been born a little earlier she might perhaps have been more or less influenced by the reactionary movement which affected so powerfully many of the most gifted minds both of men and women during the forties. In the next decade, however, the climate of opinion in England had changed in the most marked way. A new spirit was abroad, Jowett, Stanley, Maurice, Matthew Arnold were names much oftener heard, than those of the men who had been so much listened to up to 1845. In

education and science, no less than in literature, new thoughts were being thought, new words were being said; Darwinism was at the gates.

In addition to the influences which she shared with so many of her own age, there came into her life, through her father, a stream of German thought. It was one of the best periods of that thought, for the tremendous blow given by the Crimean War to the power which had crushed down all the aspirations of the Fatherland had set her at liberty to strive at once for freedom and for unity. This influence the future Empress imbibed at every pore, and it became the most natural thing in the world, that all the best minds in Germany should begin to hope that she might become the wife of the heir to the Prussian throne.

I may mention a curious anecdote which shows what some of them were thinking at this time. The Queen of Prussia chanced to be staying in London, when Baron Bunsen went to pay his respects to her. He was ushered into a room, on the table of which lay a great many engravings sent for Her Majesty's inspection. As he looked over these, he perceived a portrait of the Crown Prince of Prussia, and one of the Princess Royal of England, lying amongst them. He moved these two, so that they just covered a French Engraving of the Battle of Waterloo, allowing nothing to be visible except the name by

which it is known to our neighbours, "La Belle Alliance." When the Queen came in, her eye fell upon the table; she and her visitor exchanged glances, which told everything, but nothing was put into words for some time afterwards.

In those days, the immense majority of young Englishmen and even of young Englishwomen, who cared for the things of the mind at all, grew up Liberals, and the Princess Royal gradually became a Liberal of the Liberals. I do not mean, of course, that she was so in a party sense. With the interests of the Liberal Party as a party, with its shibboleths, and even the most respectable of its immediate designs or wishes, she neither had, nor could, in the nature of things, have anything in common, but with all its larger aims and aspirations for the good of the world, she was in thorough sympathy. No one desired more the resurrection of Italy, the transformation of the contradiction of thirty-five wills (the very correct description which some one gave of the Germanic Diet) into a great and powerful state, the leavening of Anglican theology by the importation of German learning, the rise of Prussia to her proper position in Europe, the Free Exchange, between all lands, of all ideas, and all articles of commerce, the perfecting of our Army, our Navy, and our Diplomatic Service, the root and branch reform of our Schools and Universities. Of the English public men I have known, there have been three, and three only, who seemed to me to resemble her in almost every

important particular. These were the three Russells—the ninth Duke of Bedford, Lord Arthur, and Lord Ampthill, all of whom had, thanks to a judicious mother, received an education which emancipated them from a thousand prejudices common to their class, and indeed to the vast majority of Englishmen. When after her marriage she went to Germany, the most enlightened men were astonished to find how entirely destitute she was of any of those narrownesses which, from the early days of Henri Heine downwards, had been associated in their minds with Englishmen and their way of looking at life. I remember being amused in December 1861, by the extreme vehemence with which Karl Schwarz, the highly gifted theologian, who had seen the Crown Princess on her visit to her uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, expressed himself upon the subject: "Sie ist frei," he said, "aber ganz und gar frei!"

From the time that after her marriage she settled in Germany, it was her constant aim to bring into harmony the country of her birth and the country of her adoption. It has often been said in Germany that she was too little German, but it is an entire mistake to suppose that she did not ardently admire all that was best in the country of which she had become a daughter.

She appreciated most thoroughly the great achievements of that country in literature and science, as well as the

steady intellectual striving which characterised at that time a very large portion of the population. It was not, however, with the intellectually striving that she was brought most into contact. All Princesses are bound by many chains of convention, and assuredly a Prussian Princess had no advantage over her sisters in that behalf. She had been transplanted from a society full of men who had made their fame in all parts of the world, into a society which consisted for the most part of a military squirearchy with high pretensions, but which had no great historical illustration in the past, and knew, in 1858, a good deal more of the drill-ground than of the tented field. It was hardly to be expected that a very young and very intellectual girl should not sometimes have shown symptoms of weariness or even of impatience when she found herself amongst men and women whose ideas and interests were so much narrower than those amidst which she had grown up. It is, however, as I have said, quite a mistake to suppose that she did not appreciate Germany, nor wish to transfer to England what she found most deserving of imitation in her new home.

Wiser or better objects than those she set herself to accomplish could not be imagined, but from the earliest day the dice were loaded against her. In the first thirteen years of her married life, no less than three wars were waged by Germany, in all of which, in my judgment, Germany was right. In the first, the War of the Elbe Duchies, the feel-

ings of the vast majority of Englishmen were most vehemently excited in favour of Denmark and against Germany. We, who took the opposite view in the House of Commons, were a mere handful. In the case of the second, there was no strong public feeling in favour of Austria; but London society was thoroughly persuaded that she would remain victor in the contest. In the case of the third war, opinion was much more divided; but still Germany had many enemies amongst us. We should remember these facts when we read the frantic outpourings of the German Press against Great Britain. They are, of course, much worse than anything for which we have to reproach ourselves; but then we must remember that the average German, in spite of his intellectual training, belongs to a distinctly lower type of civilisation than the Englishman. He will gradually rise to a higher level, but it is idle to say that the difference is not still very considerable. Of late years, indeed, he has not advanced, but receded, as any one may see who is brought into contact with him as a fellow-traveller on the great roads of Europe. The Bismarckian *virus* has got into his blood and his bones. It is possible enough that the intervention of the man of blood and iron was necessary, if the unity of Germany was to be brought about as rapidly as was the case. Hegel, long ago, said that that must be; but it is yet to be proved whether the revolution effected in a single decade, was for the permanent advantage

of the country which was subjected to so violent a metamorphosis. The dose of Megalomania and violence, not to say ruffianism, which Prince Bismarck injected into the veins of his countrymen, would have ruined for many years the moral health of any nation.

Whatever may have been his services or disservices to Germany, while she was being made into a compact state there can be no doubt that a worse leader, for a people desirous of keeping the good qualities it had acquired during the earlier stage of its national life, could not have been imagined. Here too the dice were weighted against the Crown Princess. All her enlightened views were diametrically opposed to those of her father-in-law's principal adviser, and I make no doubt that the time will come when Germans will think that the prolongation of Prince Bismarck's life from 1871 onwards was a national calamity. If things had taken their natural course, if the excellent old Emperor had disappeared from the scene soon after the triumph which would so worthily have closed his honoured life, and a really "new era," very different from that of 1857, had commenced under the auspices of his son, everything might have gone better, and Germany might have become what her best friends wished her to be, a great, prosperous, and pacific force in Europe, foremost in all good things, to be admired and followed by other nations. This, however, was not to be; the hateful influence of one man

poisoned the whole current of national life. Lord Ampthill, the best English diplomatist of his time, than whom no one was better fitted to understand and second the views of the Crown Princess and her wise and good husband, died in 1885, and he was followed to the grave by that husband himself in 1888.

After the first shock of this great calamity and the untoward events[1] which immediately followed it had passed by, the Empress Frederick, now completely cut off from the larger issues of political life, fell back into the circle of highly useful activities of which her son in his recent speech said so much. Art, Travel, Literature, the lives of her daughters, and the building of her palatial villa of Friederichshof occupied also much of her time; but those who watched her efforts most sympathetically, felt always that a cruel fate had shut her out from the field in which her great powers would have ministered most to the happiness of mankind.

And yet her cup of suffering was not full. A long and terrible illness was to end the life which had begun under such splendid auspices, leaving the world to wonder as much at the ever-recurring calamities of the daughter as it had long wondered at the astonishing prosperity of the mother, who, in so far as public affairs were

[1] Some of them without a parallel in the modern history of civilized countries.

concerned, seemed born to refute the saying of the Spaniard, that Fortune gets tired of carrying any one too long upon its shoulders. If any comfort can come to those who have witnessed what has seemed such a waste of great qualities and great attainments, it must be from such thoughts as these :—

"What to the dead avail
The chance success, the blundering praise of fame?
Oh ! rather trust ; somewhere the noble aim
Is crowned, though here it fail.

"Kind, generous, true wert thou ;
This meed, at least, to goodness must belong,
That such it was ; farewell ! the world's great wrong
Is righted for thee now."

THE MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA

THE Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, perhaps the most brilliant, and till quite the end of his life the most fortunate, subject of the British Crown, was born on 21st June 1826. His father, a naval officer and Ulster landlord, of Scotch descent, died early, and he had the inestimable advantage of being brought up by his mother, a granddaughter of Sheridan, and on the whole the most gifted of her gifted race. He was for some time at Eton, but learnt little there. At Oxford things went better, and before he left the University he had already attracted the favourable notice of his contemporaries. It was on his twenty-first birthday that his mother addressed to him a copy of verses with the motto *Fiat lux* and the present of a silver lamp. I suppose no young man was ever launched on the wide sea of the world with a wiser or more graceful benediction.

From that date onwards, much of his time was given to a minute superintendence of his Irish estates. Whether that superintendence was always to the advantage of their

landlord may well be doubted, for although careful and methodical, he was not born with the faculty for managing well his private affairs. He acquired, however, while thus employed, a very large knowledge of Ireland, which from time to time in later life he put at the disposal of his countrymen. Regard being had to his very powerful connections, not the least powerful of whom was Sir James Graham, his first steps on the ladder of promotion were not very long. So remarkable a youth might have looked to begin with something better than a small office in the Household. In 1850, however, he was made a Peer of the United Kingdom, and a few years later, during his second period of service as a lord-in-waiting, he was attached to Lord John Russell's special mission to Vienna. That mission led directly to little, but it was the means of making clear to its head that Lord Dufferin might be made use of in important work. It was probably in consequence of what he observed in Vienna that Lord Russell, in 1860, sent his young associate to undertake a very difficult and critical piece of business in the Lebanon.

In 1856 he published his *Letters from High Latitudes*, and the literary ability shown in that book appealed no doubt to the author of the *Nun of Arrouca* and the *Essays by a Gentleman who has left his Lodgings*.

Soon after his return from Syria, he married, and divided the next ten years of his life, for the most part, between

Ireland and London, where he filled several offices in Lord Palmerston's and Lord Russell's last administrations, and became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in 1868. After the murder of Lord Mayo in 1872, he was seriously thought of for the Indian Viceroyalty, but that appointment was eventually given to Lord Northbrook, who had acquired, as private secretary to Sir Charles Wood, and as Under-Secretary of State for India, a much larger knowledge of Indian affairs. Soon after this, however, Lord Dufferin was sent to Canada, and it was there that his very remarkable union of qualities first found adequate scope. He never could have been at any time of his life an Imperialist of the blustering Boanerges kind. The vulgar phrases Little-Englander and Big-Englander belong to a later date. It was observed, however, at the time that in many of Lord Dufferin's Canadian speeches an altogether new note was sounded. He grasped as no one, I think, had grasped before, the splendid possibilities of the country over which he was ruling. Take his speech at Winnipeg, for instance, and say where before his time anything quite like it is to be found in English political literature. Lord Beaconsfield, that pattern Imperialist of the ignorant, had no sort of interest in the Colonies, while his rival Mr. Gladstone spoke, during his second administration, of the Colonial Office as a department which had *once* been very important.

In fairness to these statesmen it ought to be recollected that the rally to the side of the Mother Country which has been made in these last years and has modified our relations did not come within their experience. Mr. Gladstone's ideas about the Colonies were learned largely from the elder Sir James Stephen, whose views were at the opposite pole from those now so widely held. In Lord Beaconsfield's *Endymion*, there is a curiously characteristic sneer at the Americans. "Whatever they may be," he says, "they will always be Colonial. What is Colonial necessarily lacks originality." It was a politician on the opposite side who said, in reply to this, in 1880: "Only wait for the specialising influences to work and there will be no reason to complain of want of originality in our Colonies," going on to point out that a measure of the strength of those specialising influences acting on the mind of a very highly educated European was given in Lord Dufferin's Canadian speeches.

Their author, during and after his Canadian Government, had felt and understood what a glorious heritage the United Kingdom possessed in her Colonies if she could only use them wisely, taking care that every person born in them should know that the whole power of the Empire was pledged to make his or her position as safe and as agreeable as possible. The astounding ignorance about the Colonies which prevailed in the older generation of

our statesmen was very disastrous. The war in South Africa, which has cost us so much blood and treasure, need never have occurred if Lord Carnarvon had known more when he annexed the Transvaal, or if Mr. Gladstone, after the Majuba arrangement, had not turned away from South Africa in the spirit of the man who, having neatly docketed his unpaid bills, put them into a drawer and said, "Thank God you are done with!"

It is not to the advantage of a public man that he should be too early and too much engrossed by one aspect of national affairs however interesting and important, and the good fairies which presided over Lord Dufferin's career, took care that his next piece of work should be one very different from the well-ordering of the Dominion. He was sent as Ambassador to St. Petersburg, and passed on thence to Constantinople. He had thus unrolled before him a new and deeply interesting chapter of contemporary history, and bore himself, as usual, in all he had to do, with great tact. Next came a short mission to Egypt, where he had to deal with problems, the solution of which destiny had reserved for a later date and a younger man. He acquitted himself very well under the circumstances, and learnt, I doubt not, a good deal that was useful to him in the next stage of his brilliant progress.

Readers of Sir Henry Cunningham's *Life of Lord Canning* are not likely to forget the curious accident which

presaged in his boyhood the terribly difficult and critical work which was to fall upon him towards the end of his life. No similar presage has been recorded of Lord Dufferin's early days, but the work he had to do, when he first reached India, had much in common with it, though the waves were happily running less high. Lord Ripon, than whom no man ever went to India with a firmer determination to do his duty, was inclined, if not to go too fast himself, at least to let others push on reforms rather too rapidly. Both he and Sir Courtenay Ilbert have had to bear a good deal of blame which ought to have been shared with others. The European officials in India had made up their minds to accept certain changes, and things might have settled quietly down, when new proposals were made which came too quickly upon the heels of others. The great majority of the officials disliked this very much, while many of the non-official community were infuriated, and behaved as badly as it is possible to imagine. The outcome of the agitation was a state of feeling between the native and the European of a very disastrous kind, and to smooth down these asperities was Lord Dufferin's first work in India. He succeeded in doing so to a considerable extent, and that, next to the annexation of Upper Burmah, was the most important thing which he effected during his Viceroyalty. No sensible Englishman wished to annex that country. Lord [illegible]

inevitable by circumstances over which neither he nor any one else in India had any sort of control. As it turned out, the marvellous good fortune which has so often attended us in the East stood by us to the uttermost. If a storm, which prevented the embarkation of Sir Harry Prendergast and the Madras troops for twenty-four hours, had lasted a little longer, what was a military promenade might have turned out a very bloody business. As it was, the occupation of Mandalay was, as has been said, like a chapter of *Alice in Wonderland*, and in a very few weeks "the lord of many white elephants" was taking the first drive he had ever taken in his life, through the streets of Madras, and observing, "How much I should like to go back and take just one drive through my own capital."

His Indian life was the culmination of Lord Dufferin's splendid career, as the Viceroyalty must always necessarily be in the life of any Englishman who devotes himself to public affairs, for in it are combined, as nowhere else in the world save in Russia, "the kingcraft and the statecraft, the grandeur and the gold."

Those who have only looked at the life of a Viceroy from these far Atlantic islands may get some sort of idea of what the least important portion of it is really like from the pleasant book in which Lady Dufferin, who so admirably assisted her husband in so many different ways, has recorded the non-political side of his Indian experiences.

After Lord Lansdowne had succeeded him in the Viceroyalty, Lord Dufferin returned to Europe, became Ambassador to Italy, and was transferred in course of time from Rome to Paris. In both these great offices he succeeded; more especially in the former. Increasing deafness made work difficult to him which had been easy, and it would have been well if, when the limit of age was passed, his retirement from affairs had been absolute. His last public appearance of importance was in Edinburgh, where he delivered an exceedingly sensible address as Lord Rector of the University, when his health was already most seriously undermined.

His speeches and addresses, from the time he spoke on the death of Prince Albert in the House of Lords, had attracted the attention of the more intelligent, and it was fitting that his last great effort should be in a field where he had won so much fame.

No one was a more delightful companion, and his society was eagerly sought by all who liked to listen to good talk. He became one of the original members of the Breakfast Club in 1866, and joined the Literary Society in the same year. He was elected at The Club in 1867, and died its senior member. With Grillion's he became connected two years later, in 1869.

His method of working was that which ought to be followed by all men dealing with the greater issues of

politics and administration; that is, to leave to others everything that can be done well by them, but to keep in his own hands all those very important matters which require the thought and application of the man who has to say the last word. This practice succeeded admirably as long as he had to deal with men who, although they belonged to many different species, were yet all of the same genus. When, however, after his retirement from public life, he directed his attention to a kind of business in which he had never had the very slightest experience, he came across beings of whom he knew absolutely nothing, and who did not belong to the genus with which he was familiar. He was accordingly utterly unable not only to guide them, but to form any sort of idea as to what they might do next. It was an error, no doubt; but, after all, what in such a life is a single even serious error? Again and again the most difficult problems were presented to him, and again and again he solved them admirably. He showed consummate judgment, when in middle life he deliberately declined to make his career in Parliament, or to struggle for those rewards which are most prized in English life, for "the closely watched servitude which is mocked by the name of power." He was the most all-round British statesman of his time, or indeed, of any time. He knew all that was worth knowing about our Foreign affairs, about our Indian affairs, and a very considerable

portion of our Colonial affairs. Of which of our home-keeping statesmen could this be said? No one not grossly misinformed would dare to assert anything of the kind of Lord Palmerston, of Lord Russell, of Mr. Gladstone, or of Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Dufferin was Imperialist in the highest and best sense—a man, that is, who, holding through all his life Liberal principles in matters of domestic concern, and caring above all things for the nucleus of our Empire with the colossal interests which belong to it, knew their ramifications over all the world as they were never known before.

That England, whether big or little, should be strong, peaceful, and prosperous, that every corner of her dominions should be gradually getting more and more to realise its relations to the Empire as a whole and to each of its parts, was his constant wish, though no man had a greater contempt for the sort of noisy Imperialism which our enemies on the Continent absurdly believe to have superseded the old English devotion to ordered liberty.

THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY

SIR,—It was inevitable that in death as in life Lord Kimberley should be only half-known to his contemporaries. No man did more good, solid, hard work for his country, and none, I think, enjoyed the doing of it more thoroughly. He never for a moment fell into the detestable habit of *making* work, the bane of many men who like business, as others like writing verses; but to have important business to do, and to do it thoroughly, was his delight. I remember his sending down a note to me when I was under him at the Colonial Office in the words: "*Do* let me have some papers, I am famishing." When men who knew him only socially were brought into close business relations with him, I doubt not that they all had the same experience as I had. The Lord Kimberley they had known as about the most copious talker in London society, had suddenly turned into a man of quick, clear decision, settling every question with a few brief, conclusive words. No one could deal more rapidly with the great volume of business which rolls constantly through the room of a Secretary of State, while in the

character of a correspondent, about business matters, he was even perhaps too brief, showing in that respect to some disadvantage when compared with certain other statesmen who were not fit to be named on the same day with him. It was in one way a great misfortune to him that he was never in the House of Commons, for the consequence was that his never became a familiar name. Scores of politicians were more talked about, who had not anything like his ability. His immediate superiors and colleagues, however, knew it full well, and whenever a Liberal Government was formed, you might be quite certain to see his name in a prominent place. Eton, Oxford, and much mixing with men of many kinds gave him that sort of education which never aided the splendid talents of the Duke of Argyll, with whom I stood in similar relations. I do not think that the House of Commons would have made Lord Kimberley materially different from what he was. It would have advertised him—nothing more; but this is the age of advertisement, and ten of his countrymen would have known what a great figure had disappeared for one who knows it now, if he had sat for a fair number of years in the lower branch of the Legislature.

Though no orator, he was an admirable, and for certain purposes a consummate, speaker. As leader of a very small party in the House of Lords, he fulfilled his difficult duties supremely well, to the admiration alike of friend and foe;

but although a strong Liberal, having a deep-seated sympathy with the masses of the people, he had no popular power, none of that often dangerous, frequently foolish, "enthusiasm of humanity" which is now, in the words of the Thirty-nine Articles, "generally necessary to salvation" for any one who is to lead the English people. That it is so may be a misfortune, but facts are facts. Under a very quiet, almost cold, exterior he was a man of strong emotions, but he governed himself with an iron hand. No one was less demonstrative, but the metal rang true. You could trust him. In no account that I have met with has any justice been done to his very considerable knowledge of literature. I could not name any other English statesman of the first rank who re-read Thucydides, in the original, right through only a few years before his death, and I do not know any other now living who ever read Spanish novels. He was not a literary man in the sense in which that term could be with propriety applied to Mr. Gladstone or to the Duke of Argyll, who both wrote many books, or even to the last Lord Derby, who did not write books, but who was devoted to them, and who was the most constant attendant at the Society known as The Club, which has always closely united literature and political experience. Of Grillion's, which is essentially Parliamentary, he was a member, but not of the older Society just mentioned.

At Eton he became a good scholar in the technical sense. Thence he passed to Christ Church, where he read pretty hard, had Mansel for his tutor, and took a First in 1847. I did not know that he had been a pupil at Oxford of the famous Dean of St. Paul's, until I learned it from himself in an amusing way. At a large dinner, over which I presided, I, rather in a spirit of mischief, put next to him the famous physician, Sir Andrew Clark, one of whose habits was, whenever he possibly could, to plunge himself and his next neighbour in the gulf of metaphysics. They got on delightfully, although Lord Kimberley always appeared to me the least metaphysical of human beings. When I spoke to him afterwards about the conversation he had had, he replied: "Although I have come to think that metaphysics lead nowhere, I was very fond of them at Oxford. I was a pupil of Mansel's, and I do not know that I ever enjoyed any greater pleasure than my first reading of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*." Another of his accomplishments, which few would have suspected, was a very considerable knowledge of natural history. I once heard a long conversation between him and another great landed proprietor, which left me altogether uncertain as to which knew more about the subject, or had the more intelligent opinions regarding it. I remember one of his remarks, with which I most deeply sympathised: "Almost the greatest crime which any one can commit on my estate is to kill an owl."

The only serious mistake in his public life, from my point of view, was his joining Gladstone in the fatal surrender to the Parnellites. If he and Lord Granville had stood firm I do not think that error would have been committed. Gladstone would, I think, have given way, as he once did when Lord Kimberley refused to follow him in another piece of unwisdom at the opposite end of the world. "What can I do?" the Prime Minister would have said; "a pistol has been put to my head." I understand Lord Kimberley's action, however, better than I do that of some others. He had been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He had faced and beaten the Fenian conspirators when he held that office. When, however, some very important persons in the Tory party bitterly attacked Lord Spencer, who was doing his duty quite admirably, Lord Kimberley had an access of despair. Ireland can only be governed, he thought, if in matters connected with the peace of the country the two parties stand together as they have always done in India. Let them fight to their hearts' content upon all Irish matters which are not questions of life and death, but let them draw the line at these. Lord Kimberley was a strong partisan. It is hardly possible for any one to take a very leading place in English Parliamentary life through a long series of years who is not a strong partisan, but I am perfectly certain that no desire for power had any influence on the course he took in 1885-86. I wish I could

say the same for all his colleagues. During the many months of his illness he never abated, by one jot, his interest in public affairs. Within a few hours of his death he said to a member of his family: "I have not seen the new Education Bill." "I will read you a summary of it," said the person addressed. "No, no," answered Lord Kimberley; "I will have nothing to do with summaries, read me the Bill itself." This was done clause by clause, and the dying man commented on them as clearly and acutely as ever he could have done in Downing Street. This happened when the vital forces, save those of the brain, had almost ceased to act, and when he had become so emaciated that no one of those who knew him best could have recognised him if he had come upon him unawares. There are different sorts of heroism, but if this was not heroism of a very high order I do not know how to describe it.

BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

LORD ACTON

SIR,—You say truly in the *Spectator* of June 28th that "the death of Lord Acton has removed from the sphere of human mental activity a man of prodigious learning and of abnormal gifts." He stood alone amongst his English contemporaries, in a class by himself. He may have had his equals in learning within the four seas. Lord Houghton used to put Thirlwall above him; but that was a long time ago, before the younger man had even reached middle life. I have heard Gladstone, who knew them both well, compare Macaulay with him as a man of encyclopædic knowledge, much to Acton's advantage; but after all, his learning was only a part of him. To make Acton you had to add, *inter alia*, his lightness of touch in conversation, his half-cynical playfulness, his power of making himself at home in all circles from the Court to the College, his curiously interesting range of European relations, and a certain glamour which many must have felt, but which none, I imagine, could define.

His immediate ancestor was a cadet of an ancient Shropshire family, who went abroad as travelling doctor with Gibbon's father when he made the grand tour. Young Acton married at Besançon, and at that place there was born to him a son, who entered the Tuscan Naval Service, and was then employed in reorganising, or rather creating, the Neapolitan Marine. Thence he rose to be Prime Minister, and died at Palermo in 1811. In 1791, through the death of a cousin, he succeeded to the property hitherto held by the elder branch, became Sir John Acton, and married in 1800, by Papal dispensation, his niece, Mary Anne Acton, daughter of his younger brother, who was also in the Neapolitan service. Their son was Sir Richard Acton, who died at an early age very suddenly. Readers of the *Récit d'une Sœur* will remember the circumstances, which produced a great impression on the La Ferronays, so long and so closely connected with whatever was best—and there was not at all too much of it—in the society of Naples. His widow, a daughter of the great German house of Dalberg, had the entire charge of her son's education. She sent him, while still very young, to St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, that wonderful school which is described in some of the most interesting portions of Renan's *Souvenirs*. Acton remained there only eight months, learnt French, but was far too young to profit much by the peculiar merits of the place, or to suffer from its shortcomings. From Paris he

went to Oscott, where he remained some years while Wiseman was its head. He happened to be there when O'Connell died, and Mr. Wilfrid Ward tells in his Life of Cardinal Wiseman, on Acton's authority, a story of a worthy Italian who, having been brought from Monte Cassino to improve things in the library, was so much interrupted in his work by the honours paid to, and masses said for "the Liberator," that he asked, "Why could not they leave *istum vanum hominem* a little longer in Purgatory?" From Oscott, Acton was transferred to the charge of a Scotch tutor famous for his knowledge of Greek, but I do not think he profited much, for he told me that at sixteen he did not think he knew more than five hundred words of that language. A great change, however, was soon to come to him. He was sent to Munich, and put under the care of Dr. Döllinger, already famous, and on his way to become illustrious. Here he was attacked by a sudden passion for reading, more like a physical craving than anything else, which resulted in his beginning the serious studies of his life by reading the *Biographie Universelle* through in a few weeks, and he continued to read in the same way as long as life and health continued. I recollect his saying many years later that his usual rate of book-consumption, when he was in the country, was a German octavo per diem, and he had one of those faultless memories on which everything imprinted itself at once and remained for ever; not but that he aided

it by a system of note-taking and note-preserving such as I have never elsewhere met with.

It was in Paris in the January of 1860, about ten years, that is, after the commencement of the reading I have been speaking of, that I first heard his name. Montalembert mentioned him to me, asking a number of questions about him which excited my curiosity in the highest degree. Shortly afterwards I returned to London for my Parliamentary duties, and was soon introduced to him. I think our first conversation took place in the "Aye" lobby of the House of Commons, and in the course of it he mentioned that he had already collected thirty thousand volumes, a remarkable feat for a man of six-and-twenty. From that time forward we met oftenest, perhaps, at the breakfasts which took place in my house, in those days, to which Arthur Russell, who had brought us together, also constantly came, for they were both devoted adherents of that admirable way of meeting, which has almost disappeared in the present generation. Long afterwards I privately printed, at Acton's suggestion, a record of the names of those who attended these functions, and distributed them to those who still survived in the early "nineties." He delighted in small parties where general conversation was possible, and was one of the founders of the Breakfast Club, which, growing out of the breakfasts I have mentioned and those of Sir James Lacaita, still lives in great prosperity. I found its

history, by the way, mixed up by a newspaper, generally well informed, in the grotesquest manner with that of the institution known as "The Club," which is a hundred and two years older, and of which Acton was also a member, as he was of Grillion's, the Literary Society, and, for a short time, of the Dilettanti.

Acton never took an active part, or, I may say, any part at all, in the House of Commons, though I remember his once asking a question. When I talked to him about this (I suppose it was in 1863), he replied that he agreed with nobody, and nobody agreed with him. He first sat for Carlow, and used to complain sadly of a bloodhound he possessed which had a passion for biting Irishmen. Later he came in for Bridgenorth, very near his own home of Aldenham, where he lived a good deal at this time, and went on collecting his library. He acknowledged to about eighty thousand volumes, but I have heard it put by one who had ample opportunities for judging, at a much higher figure. The room in which it was kept had none of the charms of a library. It was rather a gigantic book-store, in which its owner could always find what he wanted, but which would never have suggested to the ordinary man the idea of studious leisure. It had cost very large sums, but it was a mere collection of good and useful books, which are of scant value in an age which only estimates, at high prices, books of curiosity. The æsthetic element was

not strong in Acton, and at one time he had most of his books bound by contract at eighteenpence a volume. The House of Commons, society abroad and at home, and the piling up of his gigantic erudition occupied most of his time until 1865, when he married Countess Marie d' Arco; but it was to that period that belonged his ownership and editorship of *The Home and Foreign Review*, a most remarkable periodical, of which four thick volumes appeared, but the publication of which he thought it wise to suspend on account of the umbrage which its support of Liberal Catholicism gave to the highest authorities at Rome. It was a good deal later that he became connected with two other periodicals—with the *North British Review*, which started as an organ of the Free Kirk in Scotland, and must have been surprised to find itself, after various changes and chances, in Catholic hands; and with the *Chronicle*, a weekly newspaper very unlike anything else which has appeared either before or since.

Acton's mother married for the second time Lord Granville, who was for so long a member of Liberal Administrations. Infinitely less merit than he possessed would accordingly have made it the most natural thing in the world that, after being unseated for Bridgenorth, he should have been raised to the Peerage, and this was done in 1869; but the same reasons which prevented his distinguishing himself in the House of Commons stood no

less in his way in the Upper Chamber. During the Council of 1870 he exerted all his abilities and brought into play all the connections he possessed in the Catholic world to prevent the majority committing the Church to conclusions which can hardly be to its advantage in the coming years. The best men and women then collected in Rome were with him, but it was all in vain, and they were crushed by the far stronger forces with which they had to contend. In the striking words of Lord de Tabley:—

"To far Canadian meres of ice-bound silence,
To cities lost in continents of sand,
To shoaling belts around Pacific islands,
The Pontiff raised his hand.

"Then with one mind they came, the Bishop leaders,
The outpost captains of the Church at fight,
From uplands clothed with Lebanonian cedars,
From realms of Arctic night:—

"'Lo! we are ready at thy summons, father;
Loose and we loosen, bind and we will bind;
The conclave princes at thy blast shall gather
As red leaves after wind.'"

The immense majority of those who had sympathised with Acton in 1870 submitted as completely as is usually the case when a great question is settled in our own Parliament, and Acton "satisfied his Bishop." I think that is the proper phrase; but I never even approached the subject with him, and I do not know what his precise attitude was.

Years before, when the *Home and Foreign Review* had given much offence to the authorities of his Communion, he said to me: "I am not conscious that I ever in my life had the slightest shadow of doubt about any dogma of the Catholic Church." That statement, coming as it did from a man who had read everything worth reading in the remotest way bearing upon the controversies between his own and other forms of faith, who was a profound theologian as well as a profound historian and philosopher, was the most remarkable ever made to me by a human being. Of its absolute sincerity, however, I am as certain as I could be of anything. His mind worked in a way totally incomprehensible to me, and I was content to enjoy and profit by what I understood, rather than to plunge into labyrinths to which I had no clue. I once asked him: "If you wanted to convert —— or me to the Catholic faith," naming a very intimate friend of both of us, whose opinions were in essentials the same as mine, "what would you do?" "I would give you," he replied, "some books and leave you to yourselves." "What would the first be?" I said. "*Rothe's Ethik*," he replied. Richard Rothe, I need not say to those who take an interest in such matters, was not a Catholic, but a Protestant divine.

I have often heard it said that Acton made very little use in writing of his vast acquisitions. I think this is an overstatement, and am persuaded that if any one would collect

all the articles he wrote, beginning, say, with the criticism of Buckle in the *Rambler*, he would find that he had under his hand enough to make a good many volumes. As a writer Acton had one grave fault. Whenever he wished to do his very best and to appeal to a comparatively small and competent audience he almost always became obscure. If he "remembered that his hearers were dust," as I recollect he did in a lecture about the Mexican tragedy of 1867 delivered at Bridgenorth, he was as clear as could be wished. I fancy he must have been so in his ordinary lectures at Cambridge, but I never heard any of them. Surely they will be published.[1] During the latter part of his life, he lived a great deal abroad, very much at Cannes, very much at Tegernsee in Bavaria, managing to make use of his great library at Aldenham, although so far away, by the kind help of a Roman and an Anglican priest who were his neighbours in Shropshire. Mr. Gladstone made him a Lord-in-Waiting, which sounds an odd post for such a man, but in which he was supremely happy, with the Royal Library at Windsor to spend long hours in and a great deal of pleasant society. No one understood better how to hive up the honey of good talk wherever he met with it. The late Queen, it has always been said, appreciated him very highly.

[1] This, I believe, is to be done, and a good many of his articles are also to be collected (1903).

He went with Gladstone when the shipwreck of the Liberal party took place, chiefly, I think, from the fear he had of the violent hatred excited against this country by the Irish immigrants in America, a quite insufficient reason; but it was not as a politician that he either was or deserved to be an object of admiration. It was as a delightful companion, as a man of noble character, a sympathetic friend as well as a very prodigy of learning, borne as easily and with as little ostentation as a child might carry a feather, that I and others I could name were quite devoted to him. If I had the power I would place upon his monument the words which he wrote as a preface to a list of ninety-eight books he drew up, and about which he still hoped to read a paper at Cambridge when he wrote to me on the subject last autumn[1]:—

"This list is submitted with a view to assisting an English youth, whose education is finished, who knows common things, and is not training for a profession; to perfect his mind and open windows in every direction; to raise him to the level of his age, so that he may know the (twenty or thirty) forces that have made our world what it is, and still reign over it; to guard him against surprises and against the constant sources of errors within; to supply him both with the strongest stimulants and the surest guides; to give force and fulness and clearness and

[1] I possess another list in his own hand, drawn up for me in the year 1867, of some four or five thousand volumes, intended to form a country-house library.

sincerity and independence and elevation and generosity and serenity to his mind, that he may know the method and law of the process by which error is conquered and truth is won, discerning knowledge from probability, and prejudice from belief; that he may learn to master what he rejects as fully as what he adopts; that he may understand the origin as well as the strength and vitality of systems, and the better motive of men who are wrong; to steel him against the charm of literary beauty and talent, so that each book thoroughly taken in shall be the beginning of a new life, and shall make a new man of him."

ADDRESS TO THE ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN

Epitaphs

WHEN we remember that nearly all churches and churchyards contain a great variety of epitaphs, and that they were in use long before churches or churchyards existed, we may well feel some surprise that so extensive a department of literature has received such scant attention from competent critics. It is true that there are many collections of epitaphs, but the most uncritical spirit has almost always guided those who have collected them. Now and then a great writer has produced an essay on the subject. Samuel Johnson, for instance, contributed one to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which will be found in his collected works; but it is far indeed from being one of its author's more felicitous compositions, and is, sooth to say, a singularly poor piece of work, only redeemed from insignificance by the praise which it gives to the memorable epitaph of Zosimê, then less known, I presume, than it is now:—

> "Zosimé, ne'er save in her flesh a slave,
> E'en for her flesh finds freedom in the grave."

Wordsworth, too, wrote a paper upon epitaphs in the *Friend*, but it is a very unsatisfying performance. The philosophical and critical part of it, indeed, is exceedingly jejune, although when the author forgets that he is a philosopher, and remembers only that he is a poet, he rises very high. The following is surely a noble paragraph :—

"As in sailing upon the orb of this planet, a voyage towards the regions where the sun sets, conducts gradually to the quarter where we have been accustomed to behold it come forth at its rising ; and in like manner a voyage towards the East, the birth-place in our imagination of the morning, leads finally to the quarter where the sun is last seen when he departs from our eyes ; so the contemplative soul, travelling in the direction of mortality, advances to the country of everlasting life ; and, in like manner, may she continue to explore those cheerful tracts, till she is brought back, for her advantage and benefit, to the land of transitory things—of sorrow and of tears."

I need not say that I am not going to attempt a dissertation upon epitaphs when two such eminent men have failed. All I shall attempt to do is to bring together as many first-rate epitaphs as time will permit, avoiding some of those which are best known, and connecting those I shall cite with each other, as well as I can. If by that means I can give, to those who have honoured me by their presence, an agreeable hour, my highest ambition will be satisfied.

In most collections of epitaphs a great many pages are given to comic ones. Such things are quite harmless when they are merely written to pass from mouth to mouth and with no intention of engraving them on a tomb, but those persons who spend their time in painfully collecting and carefully publishing in books the rubbish which is often to be found in country churchyards, do a serious disservice to such of their fellow-creatures as have the misfortune to read them. They should be condemned to employ a sort of Old Mortality Reversed to go through the land, chipping off the stones the trash which they have copied, paying all the fines their agent incurs in the process.

Perhaps the most amusing of comic epitaphs is one which circulates as that of Lady O'Looney, and is commonly said to have been copied from a tomb in Pewsey churchyard. That, however, is not the case, for in a work on epitaphs by Mr. Ravenshaw, who dates from Pewsey Rectory, I find that it is a version, mutilated for conversational purposes, of a long epitaph, from St. George's burying ground in London, on a certain Mrs. Jane Molony. The original is, Heaven knows, sufficiently absurd, and nearly all the current version has been picked out of it, but it contains a great deal of additional matter chiefly of a genealogical character.

Lord Holland said to Mr. Charles Greville in 1830, that

"there is hardly such a thing in the world as a good house or a good epitaph, and yet mankind have been employed in building the former and writing the latter since the beginning almost."

I propose to deal exclusively with those epitaphs which deserve to be covered by the word "hardly" in this judgment.

When I determined to address you on this subject, my first endeavour was to find out whether the great ancient civilisations of Assyria, Babylonia, or Egypt had bequeathed anything to us in the shape of epitaphs. After applying to the best authority I have not been able to find that the two first-mentioned have done so. From a paper, however, published under the title of *Egyptian Stelae principally of the Eighteenth Dynasty*, by Mr. Budge of the British Museum, and kindly lent to me by him, I gather that "the custom of the Ancient Egyptians of erecting sepulchral *stelæ* in honour of their deceased kings, nobles, persons of rank, relatives and friends, has proved a most valuable aid to the modern student of the Egyptian language, and has enabled him to learn much of the social life of the Egyptian which would otherwise have passed away in oblivion."

No doubt this is so, and the specimens which Mr. Budge gives are very curious: but although a striking expression occurs here and there, much of their language is, to the

ear of a modern, in the highest degree grotesque. Such phrases as "May his memorial abide in the seat of Eternity," or "May he be granted the breath of the North wind," seem appropriate enough on a funeral monument, but aspirations like those to be found in the ninth and tenth paragraphs of the first inscription quoted, "May I attain the field of peace, may one come with jugs of beer and cakes, the cakes of the Lords of Eternity," "May I receive many slices from the joint upon the table of the great God," are less attractive.

I do not remember that the Old Testament, filled though it is with passages which have been and will be used as epitaphs, contains anything that was intended as such. I have met, however, with one exceedingly fine Phœnician epitaph which makes me doubt whether there were none amongst the inhabitants of Southern Palestine. It is on a sarcophagus in the Louvre, brought from Sidon, a place which, if it was as beautiful in early days as it is now, might well have made poets of its rulers.

"In the month of Bul, the fourteenth year of my reign, I, King Ashmanezer, King of the Sidonians, son of King Tabnith, King of the Sidonians, spake King Ashmanezer, King of the Sidonians, saying: 'I have been stolen away before my time—a son of the flood of days. The whilom Great is dumb; the son of Gods is dead. And I rest in this grave, even in this tomb, in the place which I have built. My adjuration to all the Ruling Powers and all men: Let no one open this resting

place, nor search for treasure, for there is no treasure with Us; and let him not bear away the couch of my Rest, and not trouble Us in this resting place by disturbing the couch of my slumbers. . . . For all men who should open the tomb of My rest, or any man who should carry away the couch of My rest, or anyone who troubles me on this couch: Unto them there shall be no rest with the departed; they shall not be buried in a grave, and there shall be to them neither son nor seed. . . . There shall be to them neither root below nor fruit above, nor honour among the living under the sun. . . .'"

To find many examples of anything really good done by the early world in this department, we must, as is so often the case, turn to Greece. There we shall find a rich harvest from which, however, the limit wisely set to your lectures will allow me only to glean a very few specimens. Most of these have been treasured up for the world by the admirable persons who compiled the various editions of the *Anthologia*, a work to which this century has done more justice than its predecessor. Chesterfield's judgment of it is, next to his low standard in one branch of morality, the greatest blot on the fame of that wise man.

The briefest of selections from the epitaphs of which we have the good fortune to have excellent translations in English verse, is all I can attempt. First then may come the immortal distich on Leonidas and his three hundred:—

"Go, Stranger and tell Lacedæmon tell
That here, obeying her commands, we fell."

We may next take that upon Aster, ascribed (scholars, I believe, think rightly) to Plato :—

"Thou wert the morning Star among the living
Ere thy fair light had fled ;
Now having died, thou art as Hesperus giving
New splendour to the dead."

To Plato likewise is attributed the wonderfully touching epitaph on the Eretrians who were transported to Ecbatana and died there. I have never seen a metrical translation of this which succeeds in rendering the concentrated pathos of the original. Mr. Symonds' version runs :—

"We who once left the Ægean's deep-voiced shore,
Lie 'neath Ecbatana's champaign where we fell.
Farewell Eretria, thou famed land of yore,
And neighbour Athens, and loved sea, farewell."

There is nothing to be said against this save that the distinguished writer has not succeeded in performing an impossibility. "Loved sea farewell!" is of course perfectly literal, but the last three words of the original χαῖρε θάλασσα φίλη fall on the ear like a sigh, and those of the translation do not.

We may pass to the epitaph on Plato himself, of which, as of his lines on Aster, we have a translation by no less a personage than Shelley :—

"Eagle! why soarest thou above that tomb?
To what sublime and starry prey-en home
Floatest thou?

"I am the image of swift Plato's spirit,
Ascending heaven: Athens does inherit
His corse below."

The next I shall cite is by Callimachus, supremely translated by the late Mr. Cory:—

"They told me, Heracleitus, they told me you were dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept, as I remembered, how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

"And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake,
For death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take."

A very large number of the Greek epitaphs which have been preserved deal, as might be expected, with the innumerable accidents incident to a seafaring life. Here, for instance, is one:—

"Ask not, O Sailor, what my name might be
But may Heaven grant to you a kinder Sea."

The following is said to have been taken from the tomb of an Athenian at Meröe on the Upper Nile:—

"Fear not in death far from thy home to be,
'Tis one—all one—Athens or Meröe.
Since from each country whatsoe'er its name
The wind that blows to Hades is the same."

Athough it is upon a city, and not upon an individual, I must not pass by the epitaph on Corinth so happily translated by Goldwin Smith :—

> "Where Corinth, are thy glories now,
> Thy ancient wealth, thy castled brow,
> Thy solemn fanes, thy halls of state,
> Thy high-born dames, thy crowded gate?
> There's not a ruin left to tell
> Where Corinth stood, how Corinth fell.
> The Nereids of thy double sea
> Alone remain to wail for thee."

No one disapproves more strongly than I do of the monstrous loss of time involved in setting boys and young men, most of whom are absolutely destitute of the slightest poetical talent, to write Latin and Greek verses; but every now and then this atrocious custom leads to the production of something of value, and I have always thought that the Greek epitaph on the Admirable Crichton, written by the late Mr. George Butler, elder brother of the Master of Trinity, and published in the *Anthologia Oxoniensis*, deserved a place amongst the best inscriptions of a similar kind by the writers of Ancient Greece.

I may be addressing, no doubt, some people who know vastly more about Greek epigrams in general and Greek epitaphs in particular, than I can pretend to do. To those, however, who do not chance to have given attention to these subjects, and have a mind to do so, I should like

to recommend an excellent chapter in the volume on the Greek Poets by the late Mr. Symonds, and the not less delightful book, by Mr. Mackail, published under the name of *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology*. It is high time, however, to pass from what is, after all, only a section of my subject, and to turn from Greek to Latin.

Although the language of Rome was destined to be pre-eminently that of epitaphs, and to supply the wants of the speakers of other tongues, in that behalf, for many generations the earlier Latin epitaphs had no alliance with any of the Muses save that of history. Gradually they became a little more copious, and we find such expressions as: "Rogo ut discedens terram mihi dicas levem"—"I ask thee as thou departest to pray that the earth may lie lightly upon me." The four most remarkable early Roman epitaphs, in verse, are, I think, well known, but I am not aware that any of them was ever inscribed upon a monument. They are those of Nævius, Pacuvius, Ennius and Plautus. The first three are said to have been written by the poets themselves, the fourth apparently not by the great comedian but by an admirer:—

"Mortalis immortalis flere si foret fas,
Flerent divæ Camœnæ Nævium poetam.
Itaque postquam est Orcino traditus thesauro
Oblitei sunt Romæ loquier Latinâ linguâ."

"If it were fitting that immortals should weep for mortals,
The Muses themselves would weep for Nævius.
For since he has gone to the Treasure House of Orcus
Men have forgotten at Rome to speak the Latin tongue."

"Adolescens tamen etsi properas, hoc te saxum rogat,
Utei ad se aspicias: deinde quod scriptu'st legas:
Hic sunt poetæ Pacuvei Marcei sita
Ossa, hoc volebam nescius ne esses, vale."

"Youth albeit thou art in haste, this stone entreats thee
To look upon it and to read the words with which it is inscribed:
Here lie the bones of Marcus Pacuvius the poet,
I wished thee to know this, and so farewell."

That of Ennius is finer, especially the two last lines:—

"Nemo me lacrumis decoret nec funera fletu
Faxit, cur, volito vivu per ora virum."

"Let no one weep or raise funeral lamentations for me.
Why? Because still alive I flit from mouth to mouth of men."

The fourth, that on Plautus, regrets that after his death Comedy mourns, the stage is deserted, while Laughter, Jest, and Verse all weep together.

"Postquam morte datu'st Plautus, comœdia luget;
Scena est deserta, dein Risus, Ludu', Jocusque!
Et numeri innumeri simul omnes collacrumarunt."

Goldwin Smith mentions a suggestion that the famous elegy of Propertius upon Cornelia was intended to be inscribed upon her tomb. I should much doubt this, but

if it had been, it certainly would have been amongst the most remarkable epitaphs of the world. He has translated it very well in his *Bay Leaves*, and there is another version even more beautiful in a small volume of poems by the late Sir Edmund Head. This last is indeed one of the best translations or paraphrases in English of a Latin poem to be found anywhere.

Morcelli cites two lines from another poem by Propertius which is, in effect, an epitaph, and a very graceful one.

> "Hic Tiburtinâ jacet aurea Cynthia terrâ ;
> Accessit ripæ laus Aniene tuæ."
>
> "Here in the soil of Tibur lies the golden Cynthia;
> Anio! a new honour has been added to thy banks."

The oldest Christian epitaphs in the Catacombs are of the greatest simplicity, bearing no trace of the definite dogmatic beliefs which were later imported into inscriptions of this kind. They are chiefly brief outpourings of natural affection or such expressions of non-dogmatic devotion as: "In Pace," or "Vivas in Deo," or "Vivas in pace et pete pro nobis."

Dean Stanley, in his excellent *Christian Institutions* remarks:—

> "In a well-known work of Strauss, entitled *The Old and New Belief*, there is an elaborate attack on what the writer calls 'The Old Belief.' Of the various articles of that 'Old Belief' which he

enumerates, hardly one appears conspicuously in the Catacombs. Of the special forms of belief which appear in the Catacombs, hardly one is mentioned in the catalogue of doctrines so vehemently assailed in that work."

We may be permitted then to feel ourselves, if we so please, in full communion with the Christians of at least the first two centuries—with the "Church in Cæcilia's House" as it is described in an exquisite chapter of Mr. Pater's book, *Marius the Epicurean*, and nevertheless fully to admit that Strauss was a very great man. We may agree, without receding from our position, that he did a notable piece of work for the world, although that work was diametrically opposite in its tendency to the equally valuable work for England which began at Oxford, just about the time when he first appeared upon the scene.

I would almost venture to assert that more really fine epitaphs have been produced in Latin since it became the language only of the Church and of the learned than was the case while it was still the language of the civilised Western World.

Assuredly in modern times Latin has been constantly used as the language of epitaphs with the most brilliant success in every part of Europe, and in commemoration of the most diverse characters. I may cite first the epitaph of St. Benedict and his sister Santa Scholastica at Monte Cassino.

"Benedictum et Scholasticam
Uno in terris partu editos,
Unâ in Deum pietate coelo redditos
Unus hic excipit tumulus
Mortalis depositi pro immortalitate custos!"

"Benedict and Scholastica
Born into this world at the same birth,
Restored to Heaven by the same piety towards God,
This same tomb receives
The Guardian for immortality of a mortal deposit."

Then we may take one from Southern Spain which has a certain family resemblance to the last, though in honour of a very different personage—Gonzalez of Cordova, "The Great Captain."

"Gonzali Fernandez de Cordova, qui propriâ virtute Magni Ducis nomen proprium sibi fecit, ossa perpetuæ tandem luci restituenda huic interea loculo credita sunt, gloriâ minime consepultâ."

"The bones of Fernandez of Cordova, who by his valour won for himself the distinctive name of the Great Captain, bones to be one day restored to perpetual light, are in the meantime entrusted to this little niche—his glory being by no means buried with them."

Excellent is the epitaph on Trivulzio, General of Francis I., and, for that matter, of many other lords:—

"Johannes Trivulzius, qui nunquam quievit, hic quiescit. Tace."
"Johannes Trivulzius, who never rested, rests here. Be silent."

Hardly less good is the epitaph on Mercy:—

"Sta viator heroem calcas."
"Stop, traveller, thou treadest on a hero."

The modern Florentines missed their mark, by altogether overshooting it, when they put on the tomb of Machiavelli.

"Tanto nomini nullum par elogium."
"No eulogium is sufficient for so great a name."

But the epitaph, if better deserved, would have been a grand one.

Admirable is the epitaph on Sheffield, Duke of the County of Buckingham, written by himself, and to be found in Westminster Abbey. The stone originally bore two additional words, "Christum adveneror," but the foolish bigotry of Atterbury suppressed them.

"Dubius sed non improbus vixi;
Incertus morior, non perturbatus.
Humanum est nescire et errare.
Deo confido
Omnipotenti benevolentissimo:
Ens entium, miserere mei."

"I lived a doubtful but not an evil life;
I die uncertain, but not dismayed.
It is the lot of man to be ignorant and to err.
I trust in God the Omnipotent, the most Benevolent.
Being of Beings, have mercy upon me."

The magnificent epitaph on Colin Maclaurin, Professor of Mathematics in Edinburgh, can be read at length in Boswell's *Johnson*. It was placed on the tomb by his son, not, as he says, to provide for his father's fame, for it wants no such assistance, but in order that in this unhappy

field where fear and sorrow reign, mortals should not be left absolutely without consolation, for turn over his writings and be sure that a mind capable of such things must outlast the perishable body :—

"Non ut nomini paterno consulat,
Nam tali auxilio nil eget ;
Sed ut in hoc infelici campo,
Ubi luctus regnant et pavor,
Mortalibus prorsus non absit solatium.
Hujus enim scripta evolve,
Mentemque tantarum rerum capacem,
Corpori caduco superstitem crede."

The same modesty led Buffon's son to describe himself on his monument to his father as the humble column of a lofty tower : "Excelsæ turris humilis columna."

So graceful a turn of phrase ought by itself to have prevented his having been described as "le plus mauvais chapitre de l'histoire naturelle de son père!"

One of the most delightful of all epitaphs, to my thinking, is in a place very familiar to me, the grey City of Aberdeen, but I learnt it first from Pennant, who, in his tour last century, was fortunate enough to observe it.

"Si fides, Si humanitas
Multoque gratus lepore candor
Si suorum amor amicorum caritas
Omniumque benevolentia
Spiritum reducere possent
Non hic situs esset
Johannes Burnet a Elrick."

"If fidelity, if humanity and candour, made pleasant by an abundance of wit, if the love of his kindred, the affectionate regard of his friends, and the kindly feeling of all could bring back the breath—John Burnet of Elrick would not lie here."

There are two good epitaphs on dogs by Lord Grenville in the *Anthologia Oxoniensis* — one of them extremely beautiful. Its last two lines are:—

"Jamque vale! Elysii subeo loca læta piorum
Quæ dat Persephone manibus esse canum."

"And now! Farewell, I depart to those happy seats of the good which Persephone reserves for the manes of dogs."

I may refer those who would like to see a reasoned defence of the dog's view of his future, to a very remarkable passage in a most interesting book, the late Mr. Greg's *Enigmas of Life*.

One of the most happily conceived of epitaphs is the line of Ovid inscribed over the gate of the cemetery at Richmond, where so many of those who fell on the southern side in the American Civil War are buried:—

"Qui bene pro patriâ cum patriâque jacent."

"Those who lie here in honour having died for and with their country."

They were more fortunate than the noble of the Eastern Empire, who died shortly before the capture of

Constantinople by the Turks, and whose epitaph is thus translated by Bland. I do not know the original.

"Oh thou who sleep'st in brazen slumber, tell,
—(Thy high descent and noble name full well
I know—Byzantium claims thy birth—) but say!
'A death, unworthy of my high estate—
This thought is keener than the stroke of fate,
I bled not in the ranks of those who fell
For glorious, falling Greece—no more—Farewell!'"

An epitaph was repeated to me once by the late Mr. Charles Pearson, the author of *National Life and Character*, as having been placed or proposed to be placed on the tomb of one who was like himself a Fellow of Oriel, Mr. Charles Marriott, so well known in connection with the earlier part of the Oxford Movement. It seemed to me very striking in spite of its peculiar Latinity:—

"Exutus morte
Hic licet in occiduo cinere
Aspicit eum
Cujus nomen est Oriens."

"Freed from death
Tho' in ashes that vanish away,
He looketh upon Him
Whose name is 'the Rising.'"

Very beautiful and very characteristic of the man at his best, is the epitaph which Newman composed for himself:—

"Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem."

"Out of shadows and images into the Truth."

Dr. Johnson, as is well known, had the most rooted objection to English epitaphs, and insisted, in spite of the respectful remonstrances of a most distinguished group of friends, in writing the epitaph upon Goldsmith in Latin. His obstinacy in a bad cause had, however, the incidental effect of giving us the happy phrase which many suppose to have come down from classical antiquity:—

"Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit."

"He touched nothing which he did not adorn."

To another writer of the last century, to Shenstone, we owe the equally famous words which formed part of the epitaph of a young lady:—

"O quanto minus est
Cum aliis versari
Quam tui meminisse."

"O how much less it is to live with others than to remember thee."

Again, however, the clock warns me to pass to another branch of my subject, but before doing so I should like to say that I wish some one who had eyes, leisure and enthusiasm would go through Mommsen's inscriptions and the far less gigantic but still huge work of Morcelli, and Murray's handbooks (which have swept into their pages so much that is interesting and that cannot easily be found elsewhere), with a view to giving us a small volume containing only the most beautiful Latin epitaphs.

We may turn now to our own language. The last Lord de Tabley, one of the most accomplished of men, used to remark on the extraordinary difficulty of writing an epitaph in English about a commonplace life, "like those touching Latin ones of commonplace life which," as he said, "draw one's very heart out in Latin in the first few centuries." There are many volumes containing hundreds of epitaphs which seem to have been collected chiefly to prove the correctness of this remark.

Yet English, when the life you have to deal with is not commonplace, is far from being a bad language for epitaphs either in prose or verse. I am indeed not at all sure that there is any poetical epitaph in any language superior to that wonderful "amende honorable" of Macaulay's, the Epitaph on a Jacobite:—

"To my true king I offered, free from stain,
Courage and faith—vain faith and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth away,
And one dear hope that was more prized than they;
For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
Heard in Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
Beheld each night my home, in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from that dream to weep,
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I asked—an early grave.
O thou whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,

By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee:
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust—a broken heart lies here."

Some of the best of English epitaphs are so well known, as not to be worth quoting: such, for instance, as Shakespeare's, said to have been written by himself, and much in the spirit of that of King Ashmanezer, already mentioned, which assuredly he never saw; or Milton's upon his great predecessor; or Pope's upon Sir Isaac Newton; or, far superior to all of them put together, the lines usually attributed to Ben Jonson, but probably written by William Browne, lines which it is impossible to avoid repeating whenever one thinks of them:—

"Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another
Fair and learned and good as she
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

One of the finest of English epitaphs is undoubtedly the famous one at Melrose, which is rarely quite correctly quoted, but of which the correct version runs as follows. Correct, I say, for I copied it from the stone:—

"The Earth goes on the Earth
Glist'ning like Gold,
The Earth goes to the Earth
Sooner than it wold;

The Earth builds on the Earth
Castles and towers;
The Earth says to the Earth
All shall be ours."

There is an exceedingly beautiful Greek version of this in the *Anthologia Oxoniensis* from the pen of Mr. James Riddell, the same who is described in Principal Shairp's poem on "The Balliol Scholars from 1840 to 1843."

This noble epitaph, or variants of it, are found in several places, but, so far as I know, its original author has not been discovered. He was surely no mean poet.

Herrick's epitaph is characteristically graceful:—

"Weep for the dead, for they have lost this light,
And weep for me, lost in an endless night,
Or mourn, or make a marble verse for me
Who writ for many, Benedicite."

On Shelley's grave in the new Protestant cemetery near the pyramid of Caius Cestius at Rome, Trelawny put the lines from Shakespeare:—

"Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

On his monument at Christchurch, in Hampshire, they have very appropriately put his own lines:—

"He hath outsoar'd the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not, and torture not again;

From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn."

On the monument of the Wesleys in Westminster Abbey, Dean Stanley placed, not less appropriately, the words: "God buries His workmen but carries on His work."

Excellent too is a sort of general epitaph which he hung up in the Great Abbey:—

"Here's an acre sown indeed,
With the richest royallest seed,
Which the earth did e'er suck in,
Since the first man died for sin."

Very good is the epitaph by Lord Houghton, in the same place, upon Charles Buller:—

"Here, amidst the memorials of maturer greatness
This tribute of private affection and public honour
Records the talents, virtues, and early death of
The Right Honourable Charles Buller;
Who, as an independent Member of Parliament
And in the discharge of important offices of State,
United the deepest human sympathies,
With wide and philosophic views of government and mankind,
And pursued the noblest political and social objects,
Above party spirit and without an enemy.
His character was distinguished by sincerity and resolution,
His mind by vivacity and clearness of comprehension;

While the vigour of expression and singular wit,
That made him eminent in debate and delightful in society,
Were tempered by a most gentle and generous disposition,
Earnest in friendship and benevolent to all.

The British Colonies will not forget the statesman
Who so well appreciated their desires and their destinies,
And his country, recalling what he was, deplores
The vanished hope of all he might have become.
He was born August 1806. He died November 29, 1848."

I think that this is far the best long epitaph in the Abbey. Dean Stanley said to me, with much truth, that there were very few good ones there, either long or short.

Two of the best English epitaphs which I have come across, written in our times, are from the hand of the Archbishop of Armagh. The first, which is in Derry Cathedral, is good throughout, and contains two specially good lines:—

"'Twas but one step for those victorious feet
From their day's walk into the golden street."

Excellent, too, is the other on a lady of the Nathalie Narischkin type:—

"Proudly as men heroic ashes claim
We asked to have thy fever-stricken frame
And lay it in our grass beside our foam
Till Christ the Healer, call His healers home."

An epitaph on Lord Hugh Seymour and his wife, quoted by Pettigrew (whose collection of English epitaphs, though containing many hundreds of no value, is much the best I

have seen), is little known, and worth quoting. He died on the Jamaica Station; she in England, but they were buried together:—

"Parted once—the fair and brave,
Meet again—but in their grave.
She was Nature's brightest flower,
Struck before its drooping hour:—
He was Britain's Naval pride;
Young—but old in fame, he died.
Love, but with a Patriot's tear
Mourns, and consecrates them here."

On the same page, and by the same author, is to be found a long but rather feeble epitaph on Lord Cornwallis. It would have been better to have placed on his monument the very striking paragraph by Sir James Mackintosh.

"He expired at Gazeepore, in the province of Benares, on the 5th of October, 1805, supported by the remembrance of his virtue, and by the sentiments of piety which had actuated his whole life. His remains are interred on the spot where he died, on the banks of that famous river, which washes no country not either blessed by his Government, or visited by his renown; and in the heart of that province so long the chosen seat of religion and learning in India, which under the influence of his beneficial system, and under the administration of good men whom he had chosen, had risen from a state of decline and confusion to one of prosperity probably unrivalled in the happiest times of its ancient princes. His body is buried in peace, and his name liveth for evermore."

When I was passing through Bombay in the autumn of 1874, an epitaph was repeated to me which I thought ex-

tremely good. It was on Major D'Oyley, an artillery officer, who died in the Mutiny, and ran as follows:—

"Here lies the body of Major D'Oyley of the Bengal Artillery
Whose last wish: 'When I am dead, put
A stone over me and write upon it that
I died fighting my guns,' is thus fulfilled."

Later the exact words were sent to me, but they were not quite so few nor so good.

Over Campbell in Westminster Abbey they put—they could not have done otherwise—his own fine lines:—

"This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet, think not, sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine.
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory
And took the sting from death."

Not less happily inspired were those who wrote on the tomb of Mrs. Hemans in St. Ann's, Dublin.

"Calm in the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now;
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

They might have added the lines in which Wordsworth described the poetess who, somewhat overrated in her own time, has been quite absurdly underrated in ours, but who will probably have a return of fame when people get tired of "the clotted nonsense" or the harmonious words without any thought at all, which at present divide, into two equally deluded schools of poetry, a large section of our contemporaries :—

> "Mourn rather for that holy Spirit
> Sweet as the Spring, as Ocean deep ;
> For Her who, ere her Summer faded,
> Has sunk into a breathless sleep."

Mrs. Hemans was only forty when she died.

Among English epitaphs expressing nothing but tender domestic feeling, one of the best I have met with is in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in memory of a young lady belonging to the Lucy family. I will not quote it, because by not doing so, I may conceivably lead some one in my audience to visit that most interesting church in which Cromwell was married and Milton buried.

There is a very pretty epitaph, a little too long to quote, in Shepperton churchyard, which has been published by Dr. Garnett, on a child of Mr. Peacock, of Crochet Castle celebrity—a man of many and strangely diverse gifts, novelist and naval constructor, examiner of correspondence at the India Office and operatic critic, poet in the most

approved manner of the later eighteenth century, and in the most approved manner of the earlier nineteenth century—equally successful in such compositions as his very beautiful *Love and Age*, and in describing a whitebait dinner at Blackwall in Homeric Greek. I remember his once presenting me with such a curious *tour de force*.

Very striking, and in the highest degree characteristic, is the epitaph to be read at Mentone on the grave of Mr. Green the historian :—

"He died learning."

It carries one's thoughts to the admirable *motto* cited, amongst many not less good, by a man who, whatever we may think of his political activity, certainly lived up to it—the Prussian General Radowitz :—

"Disce ut semper victurus
Vive ut cras moriturus."

"Learn as if you were to live for ever,
Live as if you were to die to-morrow."

One of the best epitaphs of the perfectly simple kind which I ever chanced to light upon is, or was a generation ago, in a churchyard adjoining the ruined church of Gamrie in the extreme north-east of Scotland. It was on one of those large slabs which were once much affected by the wealthier peasantry in that district, and consisted of simply two lines. At the top of the stone were the words :—

"The night is far spent,"

And at the bottom :—

"The day is at hand."

Highly characteristic of a quite different frame of mind from that which inscribed the stone I have mentioned, was another, placed over some rough-handed, but faithful vassal, which was repeated to me many years ago:—

"Ill to his freen
Waur to his foe
True to his Macker[1]
In weal or in woe."

To the Jews we owe at least one epitaph, the "In Pace" of the Catacombs already alluded to, which was obviously suggested by the word "Shallum" or "Peace," which seems to have been frequently placed on the graves of the early Jewish settlers in Rome. I do not know whether there are many remarkable modern ones. I have only chanced to meet with one. This was inscribed in memory of a man whom many I am addressing may have known, Mr. Deutsch of the British Museum. It seems to me extremely fine :—

"Here is entombed the well-beloved whose heart was burning with good things, and whose pen was the pen of a ready writer—Menahem, Son of Abraham Deutsch, whom the Lord preserve! He was born at Neisse on the 1st Masheshwan 5590 A.M., and departed from this world in Alexandria on Monday the 9th Iyar in the year 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come.' May his soul be bound up in the bond of life."

[1] *i.e.* his feudal lord.

Punning epitaphs, so common in English churchyards, are usually beneath contempt, but one is very nearly good —that proposed by Douglas Jerrold for the publisher Charles Knight—"Good Night."

An epitaph on a dog by the first Lord Lytton, may be remembered with Lord Grenville's, and with a very beautiful Greek one quoted in Mr. Mackail's book already mentioned:—

"Alas, poor Beau,
Died February 28th, 1852.
It is but to a dog
That this stone is inscribed
Yet what now remains
In the House of thy Fathers,
Oh! solitary Master,
Which will sigh for thy departure,
Or rejoice at thy return?"

Some other rather striking English epitaphs, hardly, however, striking enough to quote, may be read in Pettigrew, such as that on the great musician Purcell in Westminster Abbey, or one on Atterbury by Pope in the form of a conversation between the Bishop and his daughter, who died in the arms of her father, whom she had gone to visit in his exile.

I might add those on Prior and Gay, which are, however, familiar to every one.

I have only time to cite two or three striking French

epitaphs. One of these reached me from Rhodes and belongs to the twelfth century :—

"Ci-gît très-haut et très-puissant Seigneur
Baudoin de Flandre, Comte de Courtenay.
J'ai aimé, j'ai pêché, j'ai souffert.
Ayez pitié de moi, ô mon Dieu."

"Doesn't it," said the friend who found and who sent it to me, "resume all the anguish of mankind?"

The following was written for himself by the first husband of Madame de Maintenon :—

"Passants, ne faites pas de bruit,
De crainte que je ne m'éveille
Car voilà la première nuit
Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille."

Another of which I am fond is :—

"Seule à mon Aurore
Seule à mon couchant
Je suis seule encore ici."

It may be remembered with the enigmatic "Miserrimus" of Worcester Cathedral.

Every one knows the epitaph which Piron, disgusted at his exclusion from the Académie Française, wrote for his own monument :—

"Ci-gît Piron qui ne fût rien
Pas même Académicien."

But not so many have met with the incomparably superior epitaph which he suggested for the Marshal de Belleisle

when that commander, taking a far too favourable view of his own merits, desired to be buried close to Turenne :—

"Ci-gît le glorieux à côté de la gloire !"

I must spare five minutes for one or two German epitaphs. I remember having been particularly struck with one in the Military Friedhof at Berlin. Over the entrance of a tomb, which, when I saw it forty-five years ago, looked appropriately forlorn, were the simple words :—

"Here is extinguished the old line of the House of Arnim Frederwalde."

"Hier erlischt die alte Linie des Hauses Arnim Frederwalde."

On the tomb of the great Alexander von Humboldt, they have placed an inscription to the effect that as he had learnt and comprehended all that is to be seen in our upper air, he had descended also into the night to continue his researches :—

"Da er alles umfasst und erkannt was in Licht sich bewegt hier,
Stieg er nun auch in die Nacht weiter zu forschen hinab."

Very different in character but extremely beautiful in its simplicity is one which was found by Mr. Hughes, an English clergyman and yachtsman, in the Aland Isles, and reproduced in a book which he published under the title of

The Log of the Pet. The epitaph proper consisted of seven words only:—

"Gott sei dir gnädig, O meine Wonne."

"God be gracious to thee, oh my delight!"

but under it were some verses which, if they are as good in the original as they are in Mr. Hughes' translation, must be well worth recovering:—

"Bright, bright was the soft and tender light
Of her eye,
And her smile's vanescent play
Like some truant sunbeam's ray,
Flitting by.

"Clear, clear and passing sweet to hear
Was the sound
When her laugh's light melody
With quiet sparkling glee,
Rang around.

"Fleet, fleet and oh! too deadly sweet
Sped the hour,
When those locks I loved to twine,
Flowed interlaced with mine
In her bower.

"Fold, fold her tenderly around
Thou tomb!
Cold, cold lies the dank and sodden ground
In the gloom.

"Roll, roll thy deep and solemn swell
Thou wave!
Toll, toll thy sad and endless knell
O'er her grave."

Admirably good was the epitaph, by Ferdinand Gregorovius, upon a German historian who died in Rome :—

"Hier ruht der Geschichtschreiber,
Im Staube der Geschichte."

"Here rests the Historian amid the dust of History.

Longfellow's charming *Hyperion* has introduced to innumerable English and Americans the striking epitaph at St. Gilgen :—

"Look not mournfully into the Past ; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly heart."

"Blicke nicht traurend auf die Vergangenheit,
Sie kommt nicht wieder : nütze weise die Gegenwart ;
Sie ist dein : der duftigen Zukunft
Geh' ohne Furcht mit männlicher Sinne entgegen."

It would be hard to beat an epitaph in the great cemetery at Delhi, belonging to a religion which we do not generally associate with the gentler virtues :—

"Let no rich marble cover my grave
This grass is sufficient covering
For the tomb of the poor in spirit
The humble, the transitory Jehanara
The disciple of the holy men of Cheest
The daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan."

Many of my hearers will remember that the Emperor Shah Jehan was the builder of the Taj, beyond all comparison the most beautiful monument ever raised by

the hand of the architect in memory of the departed. The thought of it takes me to Boury in Normandy, where most of those lie interred whose lives form the subject of the *Récit d'une Sœur*—the only literary monument to those who have passed away which quite deserves to rank with the marvellous creation of the Mogul. The epitaphs on those graves are not particularly striking, mostly texts from the Vulgate. Over all of them stands up the great marble cross, erected by Princess Lapoukhyn, who, strange to say, survived her daughter by about a quarter of a century. It bears the inscription :—

"Jenseits ist meine Hoffnung."

I do not know what epitaph they have put in Paris over the grave of Ernest Renan, but they certainly could not have put a more appropriate one than that which he suggested for himself in the noble passage in which he expressed the wish that he could be buried in the cloisters of the Cathedral of Tréguier :—

"Veritatem dilexi."

I wonder whether, before the year 2000, the Great Church will have come to the conclusion that he was not so far wrong when he said, "that his criticism had done more to support religion than all the Apologists." If such ideas are dreams, they are at least agreeable ones.

I see, however, that the sands of my hour are nearly run out, and I will conclude with two epitaphs, the one con-

centrating the deepest Christian feeling, the other expressing the most legitimate pride in unequalled earthly achievement.

Chiabrera, after publishing many volumes of poems, summed up the experience of his long life, for he lived I think to over eighty, in his epitaph, still to be read in S. Giacomo at Savona. This was the epitaph which so much struck Frederick Faber, who saw in it, I apprehend, a prophecy of his own later years. It runs as follows:—

"Amico, io vivendo cercava conforto
Nel Monte Parnaso;
Tu, meglio consigliato, cercalo
Nel Calvario."

"Friend, I when living sought for comfort
On Mount Parnassus;
Do you, better counselled, seek for it
On Calvary."

The other is in Spanish, the grand words on the tomb of the son of Columbus in the Cathedral of Seville:—

"A Castilla y a Leon
Mundo nuevo dió Colon!"

"To Castile and to Leon!
Columbus gave a new world!"

END OF VOL. II.

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